The Listener

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An episode in the war in Indo-China: Viet-Nam soldiers crossing a bridge in Tonkin (see page 753)

In this number:

President Eisenhower Leaves It to Mr. Dulles (Joseph Harsch)
Theodor Mommsen: A Great German Historian (Michael Grant)
Restoring a Giorgione (Helmut Ruhemann)



November

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The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:			NATURAL HISTORY:	
President Eisenhower Leaves It to Mr. Dulles (Joseph Harsch	h)	751	Man, Caribou, and Lichen (F. Fraser Darling)	767
France Seeks Peace in Indo-China (Thomas Cadett) The World in Suspended Animation (William Clark)	•••	133	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK /	770
Nostalgia Unlimited		756 756	The Christian Hope and its Rivals (John Baillie)	772
A New Daily Newspaper (Robert Reid) Nelson's Birthplace (Michael Reynolds) The Chester of Agricola (Vernon Noble) Regimental Customs (Major Jocelyn Bradford)		757 757 758 758	From Giorgio Borsa, E. L. Loewenthal, E. G. Macfarlane, Bickham Sweet-Escott, Rose Macaulay, Paul Stanton, Neville Masterman, Dr. J. Dover Wilson, Douglas Dewar, Dr. A. Morley-Davies, Beresford Richards, and Allan M. Laing	
The Rise of New Nations (Robin Humphreys)		759	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH: Television Documentary (Reginald Pound)	
The Task of the Film Critic (James Monahan)		761	Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin)	. 785
POEMS: Arrival of Autumn (Ronald Gaskell) Spring Tide (Robert Conquest) The Sleepless Night (Dwight Smith)	•••	710	MUSIC:	. 787
HISTORY: Theodor Mommsen: A Great German Historian (Michael C	Grant)	763	The wide of Thyms Tate (172000	. 789 . 791
ART:			NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	. 791
Restoring a Giorgione (Helmut Ruhemann) Signorelli and Luini (John Pope-Hennessy)			CROSSWORD NO. 1,227,	. 791

President Eisenhower Leaves It to Mr. Dulles

By JOSEPH HARSCH

PRESUME, from the news reports I read here in Washington from London, that you are interested in any light I can shed on the attitude of President Eisenhower and his advisers towards a personal meeting with Russia's Prime Minister, Mr. Malenkov. There is, I think, some of the usual transatlantic distortion of this matter. First, let us try to clear away the false assumptions and reports which have circulated, and then attempt

to get what is true into perspective.

There have been printed assumptions that the President and his Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, are unalterably opposed to a personal meeting involving the American President, the British Prime Minister, and the Russian Prime Minister. This is not true. The door to such a meeting has not been closed here in Washington. On the contrary, when Mr. Dulles was last in London he undertook to advise President Eisenhower to attend such a meeting under certain specific conditions at a later date. There is no absolute guarantee that Mr. Eisenhower would go to meet Mr. Malenkov under the specified conditions, but the possibility is open. Incidentally, there is also no fixed objection to a two-sided personal visit between the President and Prime Minister Churchill. The President, as he said at his latest news conference, always enjoys talking to Sir Winston and would be happy to see him, although he said no present plans exist for such a meeting. The chances are that if Sir Winston really wants the meeting he will get it: he could, of course, have it any day he desired by just

coming to Washington. If he really prefers to have the President go to London I suspect that he will have it that way.

None of this means, however, that the President and Mr. Dulles have anything like the same feeling of the usefulness and the urgency of such personal meetings of heads of government as Sir Winston has. The idea of these personal meetings bears a different aspect to these men here from the aspect it seems to bear in London these days, if I read my London cables correctly. There are two reasons for this. One of these is fairly familiar to everyone; the other less so. The familiar reason is involved in the conditions which Mr. Dulles stated when last in London for the meeting with the Russian Prime Minister. Mr. Dulles is willing to have the meeting take place in a matter of three or four months, either if it could be a climax to a successful Foreign Ministers' meeting, which Mr. Dulles hopes very much will take place; or if there should happen to be, in the meantime, such a serious deterioration of the international scene that matters could not be any worse and a top-level meeting might come as a sort of last resort.

The reason for the three or four months' delay is because Mr. Dulles hopes very much that in this space of time a number of projects now in hand will have come to completion. Above all, he wishes to get the European Defence Community completed, he feels that a meeting of heads of government before E.D.C. is finished, one way or the other, would be of no aid to that project, and might do it some harm. The meeting might also do harm, in

his opinion, to the maintenance of the North Atlantic Alliance, to the American defence Budget which is now in the last stages of review for presentation to the next Congress, and to the Eisenhower Government's hope to avoid any drastic tax cuts next year. Mr. Dulles has a deeply held conviction that a meeting of heads of government could affect these projects like a sleeping pill: he wants to keep the patient wide awake until after the day's chores are finished.

Add to this that while Sir Winston wants to talk to Malenkov, Mr. Dulles is much more interested in talking to Molotov. Behind this is an enormous respect on Mr. Dulles' part for the professional and technical skill of Mr. Molotov as a diplomat, and an equal doubt on Mr. Dulles' part that the Russians would allow their new Prime Minister, who has never, to our knowledge, been outside the Soviet Union, to do anything more at a conference than make ceremonial appearances and set the pace for eating and drinking. Mr. Dulles believes that in foreign affairs the real voice of Russia is to be found in the possession of the experienced foreign policy expert, Molotov, not in the possession of the new Prime Minister, Malenkov.

Up to this point I have given you information which is based on direct reporting. For the second explanation we move into the area of deduction. At the President's latest news conference he was asked to comment on some remarks Mr. Vyshinsky had made at the United Nations about a high-level conference. The President first said he had not studied in any detail any remarks Vyshinsky made. Then he went on to say that he wanted to call attention to the fact that he, unlike a Prime Minister, is a ceremonial head of state; that he leads the hospitality brigade, that he has to be the leader in the entertainment.

At the time Mr. Eisenhower made that remark he was getting himself and the White House ready to play host to the King and Queen of Greece. He had only recently returned to Washington from a trip to the Mexican border to help the President of Mexico dedicate a big new irrigation and power dam built jointly by the two countries across the Rio Grande. While on the trip he had put in an appearance at a farm youth convention in Kansas City and at an anniversary celebration in New Orleans of the Louisiana Purchase. In other words, Mr. Eisenhower has been doing a number of the things which in Britain are done by the Queen and the members of the Royal Family. He has spent less time in Washington than has been customary for modern American Presidents, and, unlike most modern American Presidents, he has refrained remarkably from mixing politics with ceremonials. For example, the speech I mentioned to the farm youth gathering in Kansas City provided him with an opportunity to do political repair work. It came just two days after his party had most unexpectedly lost a by-election in a Wisconsin district which had never before sent a Democrat to the Congress. That time it did, largely because the farmers there, as elsewhere, are unhappy about declining farm prices.

Consternation among the Politicians

But when Mr. Eisenhower spoke in Kansas City he read a text which had been written before the bad news for his party came in from Wisconsin, and which sounded very much as though no one had told him the Wisconsin news. The politicians of his own party are not over their astonishment yet. This, in their view, was carrying the ceremonial side of the office too far. Then, he compounded the consternation of his party followers by remarking, shortly after his return to Washington, that he did not intend to make the Presidency an agency to be used in local elections. This week, we learned that on an earlier ceremonial trip to address a churchmen's convention in Atlantic City, he had stepped aside at the request of a Senator whose name he did not remember, to have his picture taken in the company of a local politician whom he did not know. It turned out later that the local politician was a Republican candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey whose name has been implicated with a convicted labour extortioner. This week, the President said that at the time of the picture-taking episode he had never heard of the case of the labour extortioner; and at the same time he adjusted his position on the relationship of the Presidency to local elections by recognising that he is the head of his party, as well as the President of all the people, and that one of his obligations is, after all, to help Republicans get elected to office.

Then take another episode. A week ago, when Mr. Eisenhower was asked if he had been consulted on the decision to suspend grants in aid to Israel, he returned a curt and almost angry 'Yes' to his questioner. This week, the suspension was lifted. It was lifted after a hard-pressed Republican candidate for Mayor of New York City had spent hours with Mr. Dulles in Washington; after Senator Ives of New York had

brought a delegation of Jewish leaders from New York to Washington to see Mr. Dulles; and after Republican politicians had informed the White House and State Department that as many as six Senate seats could be lost to the Republican Party in the next election by the withholding of the grants to Israel. The decision was reversed on the ground that Israel had purged itself of its original misdeed by suspending work on the Jordan river diversion canal. However, it is noted that Israel suspended the digging when its own original conditions had been met. In the course of the President's remarks this week on the Israel grants he was unable to remember the title of the United Nations Agency in Palestine involved in the Jordan river dispute. This may all seem far removed from the matter of a high-level conference with the Russian Prime Minister, but I think we are entitled to deduce from it a reason why both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are not keen on the idea of such a meeting.

Trusting the Expert

Mr. Dulles is an expert in foreign policy; he has been studying it all of his adult life. The difference between a détente and a démarche are as elementary to Mr. Dulles as the difference between a Patton and a Churchill tank are to Mr. Eisenhower. But the President would be as lost in the intricacies of diplomacy as Mr. Dulles would be in a tank arsenal. Both of them understand this. The President has turned foreign policy over to Mr. Dulles as completely as during the war he turned army commands over to his trusted army commanders. He was accustomed then to act as a reconciler of their differences, but when there were no differences he left each in control of his own battle. It is characteristic of the way Mr. Eisenhower is running the Government of the United States that when the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York came to Washington to present his case against suspension of the Israel grants, he went, not to the White House, but to Mr. Dulles at the State Department.

The reasonable deduction, I submit, is that Mr. Eisenhower sees little point in himself having meetings involving high matters of foreign policy with Sir Winston or with Malenkov, because he would automatically turn any question put to him at such a meeting over to Mr. Dulles and act entirely on Mr. Dulles' advice. He has complete confidence in Mr. Dulles, he does not bother himself with details of whatever Vyshinsky might say at the United Nations, any more than he would have concerned himself during the war with a minor skirmish.

on Monty's section of the front line. When domestic politics get mixed up in foreign policy, as they did in the Israel grants affair, he even leaves that to Mr. Dulles. Whether Mr. Eisenhower enjoys the ceremonial side of the Presidency is not yet clear. We can only be sure so far that he is conscientious about it. We can also be certain that he has delegated foreign policy completely to Mr. Dulles. We can suspect that he wishes he had someone in whom he had equal confidence to whom he could as completely delegate domestic politics. So far, there is no single person who has taken control of domestic politics as Mr. Dulles has of foreign policy. The Dulles sector of the Eisenhower front is as tidy as Monty's ever was. The political sector, currently, is in confusion. The President, for lack of a skilled and trusted subordinate, has to manage politics as best he can. Yet, because he grew up a soldier, he has still to develop the extra-sensory perception which would tell him when to beware of a man trying to get beside him in front of the camera lens.

Between visiting royalty, dam dedications, speeches to churchmen and farm youth, and trying to learn the unfamiliar art of politics, Mr. Eisenhower is a busy man. He is relieved to be able to leave foreign policy to Mr. Dulles. He can probably see no use whatever in himself talking personally with Malenkov, and only personal pleasure for himself in talking with Sir Winston. He would turn the real business over to Mr. Dulles anyway. So I submit Washington's reluctance to a high-level meeting is partly due to a Dulles conviction that the time is still about four months too early, and partly because by present Washington arrangements the important person here in Washington to talk and to be talked to, on any foreign policy matter, is not Mr. Eisenhower but Mr. Dulles.—Home Service

Sir George Barnes

We offer our congratulations to Sir George Barnes, Director of Television Broadcasting, who on Wednesday October 28 received the honour of knighthood.

France Seeks Peace in Indo-China

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

EW people, I imagine, would be likely to envy the present Government of France, even if its only problem was economic inflation and public discontent at home. This alone would leave M. Laniel and his cabinet colleagues with enough trouble on their hands. But, as it is, they have two outside problems which are of special French concern, though, of course, in this modern world there are, from the military or political point of view, no completely watertight compartments left.

The first, and because of recent events the most immediate, of these two French problems is the war in Indo-China. The second is France's attitude towards Germany, a question which naturally involves the whole question of western defence. And even if their geographical focuses are in one sense many thousands of miles apart, these two problems are nevertheless closely linked. For, as things now stand, if France is to be militarily strong in Indo-China she is bound to be weak in Europe, and vice-versa. As I say, recent events have made Indo-China the more pressing of the two, though it may not be long before the German question thrusts itself or is thrust into the foreground. It

is with Indo-China, therefore, that I propose to deal.

The first event that added to the dangers, complications, and urgency of the situation was the armistice in Korea last July. As long as China was engaged in the Korean fighting it was felt reasonably certain in Paris that she was unlikely to extend her support of Ho Chi-minh and the Viet-Minh rebels in China, a support mainly consisting of trooptraining facilities inside China and supplies of war materials. But, with the blood-letting stopped in Korea, China's future attitude became a large and very unpleasant question-mark: all the more, because the possible scale and effectiveness of Chinese intervention had already been demonstrated most amply in Korea. Clearly, this was a potential threat that did not concern France alone. The communist absorption of Indo-China would be a menace to the whole of the Far East, and therefore, ultimately, to the Western Allies as a whole. But the brunt, at first at any rate, would be bound to fall upon France. It has since been made obvious to all concerned by the United States that massive Chinese intervention in Indo-China would not find France alone in the struggle. Even so, the first shock or shocks would still have to be

faced by the French. But apart from the

wider strategical considerations introduced by the Korean armistice, the end of the fighting in Korea had an understandable psychological effect in France. When the Korean war began in June 1950 the war in Indo-China had already been going on for more than three and a half years, and, when the guns fell silent in Korea a few weeks ago, what more natural than the longing here for an end to it all in Indo-China too? It is true that the French had begun the Indo-Chinese campaign more with the idea of recovering some lost colonial property than anything else. But the communist aggression in Korea changed the whole complexion of the



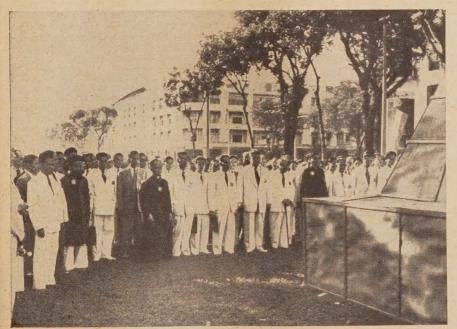
Bao Dai, Emperor of Viet-Nam

struggle, and now the French felt that they could claim with justice to be fighting for their Western Allies as well as for themselves. Their view has since been generally accepted, and nowhere more fully than in the United States, which, as you know, is now bearing a large part of the financial burden of the campaign.

But at no time have the French officially asked for American or

other support in the form of troops, and this has been for two reasons: first, because it was feared here that active intervention by France's allies might bring China into the conflict and open the way to a third world war; and, secondly, because it was hoped that while France was, so to speak, holding the fort, it would be possible to build up national armies in the three Associated States of Laos, Cambodia, and Viet-Nam, particularly Viet-Namarmies which would take an increasingly large share in the defence of their independence, thereby relieving some of the strain on France and enabling her to pay more attention to her defences at home. What this might mean can be judged from the fact that the cream of the French officer and N.C.O. class are engaged in Indo-China, enough of them indeed to form the basis of nine or ten divisions for European defence.

But this business of producing national armies in Indo-China to fight for independence, which would not be easy in any event, has been complicated by strong differences between the French and the Associated States about what constitutes independence. For the French it has been independence within the framework of the French Union, an independence limited, for the time being, in a number of ways owing to the exigencies of the military situation. In differing degrees all of the three



Delegates arriving for the first National Congress of Viet-Nam, in Saigon last month

Associated States of Indo-China have reacted against this French interpretation and they have been pressing for more liberty. The strongest reaction of all has come from the biggest of all, Viet-Nam; and it is developments in Viet-Nam during the past week or two which have produced more self-questioning in France over Indo-China than ever before.

A week or two ago, on the instructions of Bao Dai, head of the State of Viet-Nam, some 200 leading citizens in all walks of life held a meeting in Saigon, the capital, in order to discuss and make recommendations on two main questions. One was the form that, in their view, Viet-Namese independence should take. The other was the nature



The signing of the treaty between France and Laos in Paris on October 22. Left to right: Prince Souvanah Phouma, Prime Minister of Laos, King Sisayang Vong of Laos, M. Vincent Auriol, President of France, and M. Joseph Laniel, French Prime Minister

of the country's association with the French Union. This Congress was also asked to put up a list of twenty names from which Bao Dai could choose five or six to join the Viet-Namese delegation in Paris, which is to negotiate new agreements with France. Ignoring Bao Dai's instructions, the Congress took the bit between its teeth and proceeded to adopt a resolution declaring that the French Union, as constituted in 1946, was contrary to the principle of national sovereignty; that Viet-Nam would not form part of the Union, but that, after the country had achieved full independence, it would sign on equal terms a Treaty of Alliance with France.

This caused real consternation and anger in France, and not least to Bao Dai and those members of his entourage who were still over here. After a hot exchange of telegrams between Paris and Saigon, the Congress did modify its resolution to read as follows: 'Independent Viet-Nam will not be a member of the French Union in its present form'. It then went on to refuse to provide the requested list of possible delegates to the Paris talks, but added an expression of confidence in Bao Dai himself. At this Bao Dai announced that he was satisfied, but, all the same, he telegraphed to his Government in Saigon saving that the vote of confidence in himself was the only act of the Congress that he would recognise. This was not at all to the taste of the Congress. It had been proposed to disperse after three or four days, but instead it called upon Bao Dai to recognise it as an Assembly authorised to draw up a constitution which would define, among other things, the extent of Bao Dai's own powers. Bao Dai, for his part, announced that the continued association of Viet-Nam with France could not be called into question. By this time, here in France, a real storm had blown up, both in parliament and in the press, and although M. Laniel, after making a statement, begged the National Assembly not to insist on an immediate debate, he was overriden and a debate began on October 23.

But between the time of M. Laniel's first statement and the beginning of the debate, the Government took a step which helped to calm the atmosphere to some extent by bringing in an atmosphere of uncertainty.

In a Note to Bao Dai and his Government, M. Laniel asked for a clear definition of their attitude towards France, and he added a warning that if Viet-Nam did not accept the obligations and responsibilities of membership of the French Union, France would be justified in regarding herself free of any responsibility for fighting in defence of Viet-Namese liberties. No reply to this Note was received before the Assembly debate had ended and, indeed, none had been expected or even hoped for in such a brief space of time. Consequently, the Government's many critics in the House could not point to any firm Viet-Namese rejection of the French Union as an additional argument in favour of abandoning the struggle, Another thing which strengthened

the Government's position in the Assembly was the signature, before the debate began, of a treaty between France and Laos, in which France recognised Laos as a fully independent state, while Laos freely reaffirmed its membership of the French Union as an association of independent and

sovereign peoples.

Nevertheless, the Assembly debate showed that, in addition to the communists, a large section of French opinion is anxious to see the Indo-Chinese war ended as soon as possible, and many of the people who hold that opinion hold it without going too deeply into ways and means. A former Prime Minister, M. Daladier, spoke for many of his colleagues when he suggested that the time had come to attempt a negotiated peace on the ground that there was no chance whatever of a military victory. In his reply, M. Laniel, the Prime Minister, agreed that early negotiations were desirable. But, he asked, with whom? With China? Subject to the approval of France's allies, he said, he would not regard negotiations with China as a sort of pact with the devil. But it looked as though the big Communist Powers were actually encouraging the Viet-minh rebels to press on with the war, and less than two months ago the rebel leader himself had declared that only total victory could bring peace in Indo-China.

Finally, the Assembly adopted a resolution approved by the Government—which carefully refrained, by the way, from calling for a vote of confidence. The resolution amounted to this: that the Government should develop the national armies of the Associated States; that it should seek to bring about peace in Asia by negotiation; that it should try to secure a just balance between the sacrifices of the free

nations; and that it should realise the independence of the Associated States within the framework of the French Union.

As it stands, the resolution calls for no startling change in policy, but the insistence on attempted negotiations shows which way people's minds are now turning. For, a month ago, a joint Franco-American communiqué contained these words: 'The French Government is determined to make every effort to break up and destroy the irregular forces of the enemy in Indo-China'.—General Overseas Service

Max Beloff, in his Soviet Policy in the Far East, 1944-1951 (O.U.P., 21s.), has disarmed the critic in advance by admitting that, on most of the important questions with which he deals, the control of the press and the total absence of debate in communist countries force the historian 'to restrict his narrative very largely to externals and to Soviet comment upon them'. He claims to have attempted no more than to provide 'some sort of structural framework' within which more comprehensive discussion can proceed.

In this he is not quite fair to himself. Unreasonable as it may sound, the last chapter, 'Conclusions', might well have been placed first, for it is not so much an analysis of the preceding material as a broad statement of the situation and of the possibilities open to the U.S.S.R. in the post-war conduct of its Far Eastern policy. Even here, speculation is extremely cautious, and never quite comes to grips with the assumptions and goals of Soviet policy in a virtually two-power world. It might, for example, have been of interest to examine whether at any time Soviet policy towards Japan, and hence also towards the Chinese communists, contemplated a possible Soviet-Japanese rapprochement at the expense of China, and to relate Far Eastern events more firmly and closely to the fortunes of the war-time alliance in the western hemisphere.

But public memories are notoriously short lived, and it is well worth having on record the course of events from the Yalta Conference to the opening of truce negotiations in the Korean War. These have been chronicled with immense industry and patience, and it is perhaps an unavoidable defect of the method Mr. Beloff has chosen, and of his overscrupulous regard for detail, that there is a certain lack of proportion

in the result.

The World in Suspended Animation

By WILLIAM CLARK

O at long last Pakistan has decided to become a Republic. It is not much of a surprise, since the Constitution has been in the making now for four years, and for most of that time it has been assumed that Pakistan would decide that she would have

her own president, just as India has.

I think equality of status with India, being equally independent, is the main reason for the change. The new Constitution raises two important questions. One is how closely Pakistan will associate with the Commonwealth, and the other is how far Pakistan will become an Islamic state, run by Mohammedans, for Mohammedans, on the basis of Mohammed's law. I asked the Pakistan Prime Minister these questions last June when I interviewed him on television, and I got surprisingly frank and clear answers. He insisted that Mohammedans believed in religious toleration and that he wanted a Constitution definitely based on political democracy, not on religious orthodoxy. On relations with the Commonwealth he was equally uncompromising. 'Whether or not we become a Republic', he said, 'it is a great advantage to Pakistan to be connected with the Commonwealth, and we shall continue that connection'.

Waiting for a Bang

So I feel that we can take it as certain that Pakistan will be a Republic within the Commonwealth like India, not a Republic outside the Commonwealth like Ireland. However, Pakistan's decision on her future status is a decisive step—one of the few decisive steps taken recently. In fact, the odd thing about the past week has been the number of crises which have not become critical, so to speak. They have remained rather surprisingly the same, while we sit about waiting for a bang, just as one waits for someone upstairs to drop the other shoe. In Trieste there is still hope of a conference but no conference, in Panmunjom there is still hope of a political conference but it seems a long way off, in Persia there is still hope of discussions about British oil interests, but no discussions yet; in Cairo the discussions on the future of the Suez Canal base seem stuck at that point of almost completion where they have been for months.

Let me confess personally that this state of suspended animation is disappointing to a commentator. It is far easier to interest people in the world and ourselves when the world is doing something exciting which affects ourselves. Yet it is true that often what an international crisis does is to focus our attention on one spot—Trieste, or British Guiana—and distract us from looking at the world picture as a whole,

which is what really matters.

Last week I suggested that we were entering a new phase in world affairs which might be called the cold truce. Whatever name you give it, the slightly changed atmosphere of the moment is having an effect on the attitude we ourselves and our allies take towards defence, towards the problems of how large the armed services must be, what sort of arms to develop, and where to put them. This is, I know, a somewhat distasteful subject to discuss. It involves talking about possible war and atomic bombs. It is much easier to drop the subject, to switch off and leave it to the experts. Also there is no crisis, so it is easy to overlook the problem. All that showed on the surface last week was a debate in the French parliament about the European army, and a series of rumours and statements from America about the size of the army that they are going to keep in Europe. Those are little things, but they are an indication that the whole pattern of defence is under discussion; and we need to understand that discussion because it involves such things as how much time we must give to national service, how much tax money must go to defence expenditure, how much of our industry must produce guns and tanks instead of cars and household gadgets.

For more than five years now—since the communist revolution in Czechoslovakia and the blockade of Berlin, in fact—the problem of defence has simply been to build up the strength of the west. We have been like people on the edge of a flood, building, frantically, an emergency dyke. Now it seems that for the moment, the flood of Soviet power has stopped rising, and we have to consider how to make that dyke

permanent, so that we can live our ordinary lives behind it. So far the discussions seem to be taking place at the highest level and mostly in Washington. You may have seen stories in the papers that the American Secretary of Defence, Mr. Wilson, was considering a reduction in American armed forces in Europe. Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, quickly made it clear that there is nothing immediate in prospect and no chance of abandoning America's commitment in Europe. But it is still clear that America is reconsidering her strategy, and asking this question: could Europe be made safe with fewer troops and more atomic weapons? In other words, could we move towards a pushbutton defence based on machines rather than on men?

Dangers of Extreme Secrecy

Certainly this is an attractive theory. Instead of having tens of thousands of men constantly on the alert in Europe, there would be a few thousand, armed with atomic artillery and atomic, perhaps hydrogen, bombs. In case of aggression these terrible instruments would be used; but of course the hope is that the threat would be sufficient to deter any country from being aggressive. But would this work? To be a deterrent, to frighten off attack, it is necessary that the other side should know just what is in store for it if it does attack. And here, it seems to me that the extreme secrecy surrounding atomic weapons rather decreases their value as a deterrent. Should we not perhaps go back to the old system by which each country boasted in public about its weapons and invited other nations to watch the tests? Briefly, if we want to use atomic weapons as a deterrent, should we not reverse the whole method of secrecy about results and, for instance, publicise just what did happen at Woomera last week?

Then there is another difficulty about this idea of using the atomic threat as the main barrier against aggression; that is that it is too drastic a remedy for some cases. The same applies to the atomic bomb or its successors. After all, throughout the whole Korean war it has not been used because to use it would have widened a local war into a devastating third world war. In Europe the argument would today be even stronger against its use. We now know that Russia has exploded atomic and hydrogen bombs. Would we—I mean by we the powers in Nato—be prepared to start using our atomic weapons and so invite retaliation, because of border incidents in Germany or raids across the Yugoslav border? I think it is fairly clear that atomic weapons would only be used by the western democracies, if at all, after a world war had definitely started. To put our trust in them as methods of keeping the cold truce would be as unwise as it would be to reduce the police force by half and give those that remained machine guns.

Should a European Army Contain Germans?

So, reluctantly, I think, the Western Powers will have to come back to the necessity of keeping a large army in Europe. Then the question arises: should that army contain some Germans? And that is the problem which is going to dominate west European politics for the next few months, as the European army treaties come up for ratification. It is a very complicated problem. But one thing is clear from last week's debates in France, from Dr. Adenauer's latest success in Hamburg, and from the Prime Minister's speech earlier at Margate. The Governments of Britain, of France, of Western Germany are convinced that Germany will eventually be rearmed and that the safest way is to ensure that she is rearmed as an integral part of the west—either in a European army or in Nato.—Home Service

A new publishing venture has been launched by Messrs Collins with a series of paper-backed books called 'Fontana Books'. This is a departure from their previous paper-backed series in that the 'Fontana Books' are to include their most successful publications, both in fiction and nonfiction. The price range will be 2s., 3s., and 4s., according to the length of the book, and among the first eight titles will be The Crowthers of Bankdam, by Thomas Armstrong, English Saga, by Arthur Bryant, The Wooden Horse, by Eric Williams, and London Belongs to Me, by Norman Collins

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Nostalgia Unlimited

'N a broadcast talk from which we publish an excerpt on the page opposite, Mr. Robert Reid gives reasons why in his opinion the appearance of a new national daily newspaper (The Recorder)—the first for twenty-three years—deserves to be welcomed. This century has seen the disappearance or absorption of many newspapers: among the most notable the old Tribune, the Daily Chronicle, the Westminster Gazette, and the Morning Post. In some cases the wireless news has been blamed for this, but it is doubtful if the argument could be sustained. It is generally accepted that the main cause is increasing costs which means that whenever competition has grown fierce the weakest has gone to the wall. Certainly there are plenty of people ready to read newspapers, at any rate of a sort. The actual readership has increased substantially over the past thirty years, and women in particular seem to be gluttons for papers which will give them the kind of information or entertainment that they seek. But so often have we been told that it is virtually impossible to launch a new morning newspaper without a huge capital investment and large initial losses, that few will refrain from admiring the courage of the new enterprise.

Not only have newspapers been reduced in numbers during the past half century but they have altered their character. The Daily Mail was the forerunner of the new cheap paper, the Daily Express of an Americanised style, and The Times appeared to depart from tradition when it introduced photographs. Now well distributed photographs of good-looking ladies seem to be the sine qua non of a popular newspaper; strip cartoons, and film and television gossip, its staple; and hard political news may frequently be left in abbreviated form to fill in the odd corner. Yet in the nineteenth century, politics were the essence of the press. Not only were important political speeches printed in full and serious readers eagerly awaited the latest pronouncement of Mr. Gladstone and his opponents, but newspapers were deeply wrought up, not over the matrimonial adventures of film actresses or the iniquities of the B.B.C., but over such wide issues as Irish Home Rule, Protection versus Free Trade, and Women's Suffrage. Of course it is true that most of these questions are settled now, or are at any rate quiescent. But may it not also be argued that the world in which we live is inured to political crises? We are resigned to the threat of the atomic and the hydrogen bombs and, beside them, lesser political controversies appear to be small beer. Consequently newspapers which offer forms of escapism unquestionably meet a public demand.

But must this always be so? One imagines that the pioneers of free education for all, and of the Welfare State, foresaw a nation in which the standard of intelligence, of interest in public affairs, and of a sense of social responsibility would be raised and not lowered. As recently as 1924 Mr. John Reith (now Lord Reith) fancied that the British Broadcasting Company might be criticised for not making the pronouncements of the President of the British Association available to the Scottish crofter or the southern agricultural worker. We have recently been reminded of the fine work that was done by the Workers' Educational Association in the days when it provided one of the very few forms of adult education. In those classes it was assumed that the serious study of serious questions would eddy out in ever widening circles. Perhaps they are pessimists who look back to the times before the modern popular newspaper existed with unlimited nostalgia. But one believes that a great many newspapermen would welcome a change, and would not regret a return to an age of more newspapers of a less sensational character, even at the price of smaller circulations.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts from the U.S.S.R. on her agricultural decrees

LAST WEEK MOSCOW BROADCASTS gave great publicity to the latest Soviet decrees to expand the production of consumer goods in the Soviet Union and further to develop Soviet trade. It took the Moscow home service two and a half hours to transmit the speech made by Mr. Mikoyan, the Minister of Trade, in the course of which he contrasted the trade situation in the Soviet Union with that in the capitalist countries. He said:

In America and Britain some people still boast that there are large quantities of goods on the market. But does it suit the masses in the bourgeois countries that there should be large quantities of goods in the shops when they cannot buy them? Today their position is worse than it was in 1929. . . The law governing the development of capitalist countries is now such that they are going relentlessly downhill towards an increasingly lower level of production of consumer goods. We, on the other hand, have a different law. Production, trade turnover and popular consumption are developing in our country at a tempo more rapid than has ever been known in bourgeois countries even at the best of times. . . There can be no doubt that, having successfully solved the task of developing heavy industry, we shall be able to make a rapid advance in the production of consumer goods and that in this sphere too we shall become the richest country with the highest standard of living for the people.

A Moscow broadcast quoting Pravda stated:

This year the volume of industrial output will be about two and a half times larger than in 1940. . . . The rapid development of heavy industry can be judged from the fact that during the last twenty-eight years output of the means of production has increased approximately fifty-five times.

Another Moscow broadcast stated:

As regards the growing of wheat, the U.S.S.R. has now firmly gained the leading place, leaving far behind such large wheat producers as the United States, the Argentine, and Canada.

Despite this claim, recent Soviet decrees—following upon official Soviet admissions of the crisis in Soviet agriculture—have revealed a major revision in Soviet agricultural policy, involving all sorts of concessions to peasants, coupled with an appeal to office clerks and industrial workers to return to the land, thus reversing the previous Soviet policy of systematically depopulating the countryside. In Poland, on the other hand, a broadcast appeal by the Minister of Agriculture to farmers to fulfil their delivery quotas to the state declared:

Who wants hundreds of thousands of peasants to return again to the countryside from the towns? Our enemies would like to disturb the exchange between the towns and the countryside.

Ignoring the changes recently announced in Soviet Russia in regard to delivery quotas and the prices to be paid for them, the Polish Minister of Agriculture stated:

Unfortunately there are still many peasants who are slow in doing their patriotic duty (in fulfilling their compulsory delivery quotas). . . . They listen to kulak gossip and inventions about changes supposedly to be made in the assessment and in the prices of compulsory deliveries. It must be stated clearly and firmly that this is merely senseless and harmful gossip, because there will be no change either in the assessment or in the prices of compulsory deliveries.

In this year's slogans for the October Revolution anniversary (to be celebrated on November 7), as broadcast by Moscow radio, special attention was paid to France and Italy. A new slogan this year states: 'Long live the friendship between the peoples of the Soviet Union and the peoples of France and Italy'. A Moscow broadcast in French emphasised that there were special affinities between France and Russia in culture, as well as in revolutionary traditions:

The French and Russians have fought the same enemy in two wars in this century: German militarism. In the last war the Soviet army, through its great victories . . . brought freedom to the French, Poles, and other peoples of Europe. The French, like the Russians, want peace and know what needs to be done to consolidate it. They will not tolerate the rearmament of the Nazis. . . The French people understand that when the Soviet Union condemns the rearmament of the German imperialists she is defending not only her own interests but those of France. . . Do not believe those who say that the Soviet Union threatens western civilisation. The Soviet Union guards and protects all achievements of western culture, and especially French culture.

Did You Hear That?

A NEW DAILY NEWSPAPER

'I HAVE BEEN a journalist for nearly thirty years', said ROBERT REID in a Home Service talk, 'but something happened in the newspaper world last week which has happened, I think, only once before in all those thirty years. Probably it means more on the face of it to newspapermen than to most people—particularly to younger people—yet in its way this event was important because it underlines a social change

which has been taking place gradually since the end of the first world war. And that is the place in the community of the newspaper, a change which I think has occurred in the relationship between the reader and the newspaper, and the way-I think the regrettable way-in which the number of newspapers in this country has diminished in the last twenty or thirty years. The event which started me reflecting along these lines was something that is a pleasant change from the way things have been going: the first appearance of a brand new London daily newspaper: the first time this has happened in twentythree years.

'I am sure that a lot of colour has gone out of local life, particularly in your decent-sized provincial town, through the shrinkage in local newspapers, not in stature but numerically. The casualty list between 1921 and 1948 was approaching the sixty mark. In far too many towns there is now only one evening paper. In my young days, up in Yorkshire, the whole town seemed to revolve around its one morning and two evening newspapers.

'There was something lively and controversial and stimulating about the whole business. It was not just the professionalism of the scoop news story we were interested in. With three newspapers in the town, there was room for argument and ideas and opposing platforms-and our pages provided the rival platforms, and not only for the local politicians. Great arguments went on about music and the theatre, and the arts generally, and if you had been to a Friday night subscription concert to hear the Hallé Orchestra under the direction of

Hamilton Harty, you could agree or disagree with three professional music critics the next day. Which all added to the fun and the pleasure and the interest of the thing.

'People took sides. Local sporting rivalries as reflected by the able pens of some of my revered seniors could, and did, split the town in half. But there was always one good thing you could say about it all: life never seemed dull. There was always something to think about and talk about, and as a young and raw recruit to the Fourth Estate, I was never in any doubt as to the reason: the existence of the lively, stimulating columns of the local press where we were taught to turn our pens into bludgeons or rapiers or something more wand-like as the occasion demanded. And though this may sound grossly egotistical, I have an idea that we contributed something valuable to the life of the town.

One big change has taken place in one of the techniques of journalism: the disappearance of the old "special edition". It was from a "special edition" that my father heard that Britain had gone to war with Germany in 1914. That is how we heard of the death of Queen

Alexandra in 1925. You heard news like this-or rather read of it -bareheaded, in your slippers, under a street lamp, before returning slowly into the house—the voices of the newsboys dying away in the distance as they roused other streets and other suburbs.

All that is now part of the past. But too many local newspapers unable to stand up against the fierce economic pressure of the newspaper industry have printed their last pages. Their presses are silent.

> But in a world where the dissemination of news and views is increasingly important, and where so much is suppressed, the creation of a new voice, a new daily newspaper, is a matter of considerable social importance'.



Interior of All Saints' Church, Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, where Nelson was christened, and which contains many Nelson relics

NELSON'S BIRTHPLACE

On Trafalgar Day a memorial service to Nelson was held at the church of All Saints in Burnham Thorpe where he was born. MICHAEL REYNOLDS, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about the birthplace of Nelson in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The village', he said, 'cannot have changed much since Nelson's day. It is still a small, out of the way place, with a population of not more than 300. And it is not in the least commercialised, in spite of the fact that it is a regular point of pilgrimage, people come from all over the country and from overseas, 400 or 500 of them every year.

'The old parsonage house where Nelson was born on September 29, 1758, was pulled down a few years before his death: all that remains of it today is part of a red brick wall built into a Victorian coach-house. The old parsonage stood at the bottom of the present rectory garden, at the foot of a gentle slope. Contemporary prints show that it was a two-storeyed L-shaped building, composed of two large cottages, one rather larger and taller than the other. The house was surrounded by gardens. Nelson's father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was a great gardener, and the glebe covered some thirty acres, which the rector farmed, or tried to farm, himself. These farm lands have long since been sold, but the garden that Nelson

knew still flourishes, and the present rector looks out on to it from his study window. There is a medlar tree and some mulberries and quinces that must have been there long before Nelson was born.

'That he was fond of the place is shown by the numerous references in his letters. On his last commission in 1805, he wrote pathetically: "Probably I shall never see dear, dear Burnham again". He spent there a brief childhood—he went to sea at the age of twelve, and he returned as a young Captain on half pay, with his bride from the West Indies. They lived together at the rectory for the best part of five years, years full of frustration for Nelson, though he found some distraction in garden improvements: in particular, he built a big pond, and tried to divert a neighbouring stream into it. His idea, I gather, was to sail a model warship on the pond.

The parish church where Nelson and his ten brothers and sisters were christened, and where his father and mother lie buried, is about a mile from the rectory. It is a pleasant, dignified little church, dating back to Norman times, though the prevailing style is perpendicular. From the tower, on Trafalgar Day, on feast days, there flies, instead of the usual St. George's flag, a replica of the flag flown by Nelson as Commander-in-Chief at the Battle of the Nile. Inside the church there are various Nelson relics, and memorials, some of his letters, a bust presented by Norfolk men in London soon after his death, and an altar in memory of all the men who fell at Trafalgar. The rood beam across the chancel arch was presented by the people of Canada, and the Admiralty met this gift by providing the oak for it from H.M.S. Victory. The oak of the lectern comes from the same source. The Admiralty have also given two flags from H.M.S. Indomitable, flown at the Battle of Jutland, and another two flags from H.M.S. Nelson'.

THE CHESTER OF AGRICOLA

In the Grosvenor Museum at Chester a new gallery has been opened which is given up entirely to the story of the Roman occupation of this country, and especially to the daily life of the ordinary Roman

soldier, the legionary, as he was called. The main reason why a great deal is known about the Roman history of Chester is that it has been so thoroughly excavated and explored by Professor Robert Newstead, whose work is honoured in the new gallery, called the Newstead Gallery. VERNON NOBLE sent 'The Eye-witness' this report on the exhibition:

'Chester was the headquarters of the famous 20th Legion, and one of the three principal Roman military depots in the country. Here, at a bend in the River Dee, was set up the camp known as Deva, and by means of a large diorama in the new gallery at the museum we can see what an elaborate place it was, with barracks for 6,000 men, surrounded by a high wall, and all the refinements that a Roman soldier expected, even on this westernmost and primitive fringe of the great Empire—refinements such as steamheated baths, shops, villas, and an amphitheatre. And guarding the entrance to the gallery is a life-sized model of a legionary, equipped exactly as he would be when he paraded on the square, or set out with the

'He is a smallish, sturdy figure, as most of the Romans were, and to make him more authentic his face is modelled from one of the Roman soldiers sculptured on Trajan's column in Rome. He wears a bronze helmet, the galea, with its hinged cheek-pieces; shoulder and breast armour, constructed of iron bands which slide over each other to give him ease of movement; a metal belt with a double-edged sword suspended from it, and a metal sporran in front; and he wears, too, leather breeches beneath his kilted, woollen

jerkin, or tunica, breeches which extend to just below the knee. The legionary carries a javelin seven-feet long, a wooden staff with a long metal shaft, and a tempered point. This javelin was of tremendous significance in battle. The method was for the Romans to advance within throwing distance of the enemy, then to hurl the javelins. The tribesmen would raise their shields to ward off the rain of javelins, and their shields would be pierced by the hardened steel tips, and the softer metal of the shaft would bend, making it impossible to extricate. The shields would then have to be discarded, and then the Romans would move forward in a relentless line, their own curved shields protecting their bodies, and with just enough room between each soldier for him to use his short sword as a bayonet.

'The curator of the museum thinks that this is the only exact model of its kind in the country. He has also assembled coins with which the soldiers were paid, along with a list of all their stoppages. The Roman soldier was paid three times a year, and he received seventy-five denarii. But he had to contribute to the burial club, and to pay a subscription for the annual dinner, and money was stopped from his wages for food, bedding, clothing, and equipment. So, in the end, he had only nineteen-and-a-third denarii left.

'The gallery contains a model of part of the barracks constructed from the exact material found at Chester, and there is a host of other things connected with the garrison: brooches for the soldiers' cloaks, made by ancient British craftsmen; pottery imported from Europe; part of the heating system from the baths; heavily rusted swords; a couple of leather shoes; writing material, and so on. This gallery with its relics and models takes us back to the Chester of Agricola, who commanded the 20th Legion, a Chester that even today has a traffic problem partly caused by the intersecting lines of Roman roads—the Via Principalis and the Via Pretoria'.

REGIMENTAL CUSTOMS

In a talk on regimental customs of the British Army, broadcast in the Home Service, J. S. Bradford referred to the two hymn tunes played by the 10th Hussars before the day's end-formerly almost every night of the year, now on specific occasions: one is 'As pants the hart for

cooling streams'; the other, 'Thy will be done'.

'Official history says that the reason for this custom is obscure. But, certainly before the first world war, the regiment firmly believed a story that during the Peninsular War it camped down for the night, after a small but pretty hot engagement, near a convent. I do not want to slander so famous a regiment which for many a year was called "the don'tdance 10th", but it was suggested then that the convent proved too tempting for the restraint of the troops. According to the story, the mother superior reported the incident to that stickler for discipline and high morality, the Iron Duke, who decreed that for penance the regiment would listen to two hymn-tunes played by the regimental band for the rest of its life. They would be played shortly before Lights Out, a right time for spiritual penance. He left the choosing of those tunes to their colonel. The regiment believe that the choice was appropriate. The 12th Lancers, who also go to bed to the music of two hymns, have a regimental legend relating a similar incident to themselves: the difference is that their assault is alleged to have been made on a monastery, and the loot was 104 bottles of

NOVEMBER 5 1953

'Then there is the story of why officers of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry do not drink the King's Health in Mess, and why they are permitted to remain seated when the National Anthem is being played. Other regiments also remain seated on such occasions, many from centuries-old association with the Navy. At least a dozen refrain from drinking the Royal Toast, but the story of the Shropshire Light Infantry is unique.

During the early eighteen-twenties that much-maligned royal figure, George IV—"Prinny" to the wits of the day, Prinny the Libertine, Prinny the Fop, and yet the man who gave England probably its greatest individual collection of art treasures—was distinctly unpopular. He was seeking a divorce from his Queen. He was dallying in his Royal Pavilion at Brighton, and he decided to go to the theatre. The population of Brighton had the Queen's cause at heart. At the theatre he was in danger of being mobbed by a crowd of rioters. Officers of the Shropshire Light Regiment protected him from the mob's attentions. A few lays later, when dining with the regiment, the King in gratitude granted them their two unique privileges in token of their loyalty.

And when talking about the Royal Toast, one should not forget the ritual still observed by the 1st Battalion the Cameronians (the Scottish Rifles). They were founded, after the accession of William and Mary, from a strict body of Presbyterians. A self-imposed condition of their establishment was that there should be no profane talk, no drunkenness,

no drinking of toasts.

'That custom, born in the days of the Covenanters, still persists. The Royal Toast is given in the customary manner, but no wine is passed round before it, and no toast is actually drunk. After the toast, the wine is then passed round and those members of the regiment who want to can drink a glass'.



Life-sized model of a Roman legionary at the entrance to the Newstead Gallery of Grosvenor Museum, Chester

Latin America: the Rise of New Nations

ROBIN HUMPHREYS gives the fourth of eight talks

HE conquest and the liberation, the establishment of Spanish power in the New World and the subversion of it, are the two great revolutions on which modern Spanish America is founded. For the Spanish conquest of America in the sixteenth century gave rise to new Hispanic-American societies, moulded, in the infinite variety of the American environment, by the intimate contact of European with Indian and, in some cases, with African

'The two greatest of the South American liberators': Simon Bolívar (1782-1830)—

culture. And the emancipa-tion of Spanish America, three centuries later, transformed these societies into independent states. It launched the peoples of Latin America on the great experience of freedom and self-government. It brought them into closer relations both with Europe and with the United States. And, so doing, it threw open a vast area, more than double the size of Europe, not only to trade with the rest of the world, but to new immigration and to new capital investment.

The American, the French, and the industrial revolutions

vive for more than sixty-five years.

The fate of the Spanish colonies was very different. Spain's American dominions were the property of the Crown. Strictly speaking, they were not colonies at all, but kingdoms, united to the kingdoms of Spain merely by a dynastic tie. But whereas the royal family of Portugal escaped the clutches of Napoleon, the Crown of Castile was captured. A usurper, Joseph Bonaparte, was placed upon the throne, and the bond which united Spanish America to Spain was severed. The Spaniards rose, as Spaniards will always rise, against



—and General José de San Martín (1778-1850)

From 'Bolivar' by Salvador de
Madariaga (Hollis and Carter)

were the forces which shaped the emancipation of Latin America. But it was, in Sir Charles Webster's phrase, 'the French Revolution in its Napoleonic expression', the Napoleonic invasions of Spain and Portugal, which determined the occasion. Fleeing before the march of Napoleon's armies, the royal family of Portugal sought safety in its transatlantic colony of Brazil. Here it remained for thirteen years. And in this vast and empty land, whose every province was as big as a European state, the transition from colony to kingdom and from kingdom to independent empire was a gradual process. There was no abrupt break with the colonial past, no prolonged and devastating civil war. When the royal family returned to Europe in 1821, the heir to the Crown of Portugal himself became the Emperor of Brazil, endowed the country with its constitution, and secured its entry into the family of nations. And, with the support of a powerful plantation aristo-cracy, the throne thus peacefully established was to sur-



An airstrip at Huanuco, Peru, 7,200 feet above sea level: symptomatic of the great economic changes which Latin America has undergone over the past half-century

an alien hand. And the resistance movement in Spain was paralleled by a resistance movement in Spanish America. But here, Spaniards born in America—the Spanish American creoles stepped into the shoes of Spaniards born in Spain. The latent hostility between the creole and the Spaniard flared into open war. And what began as an assertion of freedom from French control ended as a war for independence from Spain. Like the conquest, the liberation of Spanish America was written in blood. The armies of Bolívar and San Martín, the two greatest of the South American liberators, traversed the continent. The high plateau of what is today Bolivia was constantly a battlefield between the patriots and the loyalists. So also was Venezuela. And while creoles fought Spaniards, Spanish Americans also fought each other. The wars of independence were civil wars. And the question at issue was not merely home rule. It was the question, also, who should rule at home.

What were the results? At the end of the colonial period the signs of a growing prosperity in Spanish America were writ large. That prosperity was now destroyed. On the waters of the River Plate, Buenos Aires, it is true, grew and flourished on the new currents of foreign trade. In Chile the port of Valparaíso was revolution's child. But, in general, the economic life of Spanish America was disrupted. The labour supply was dislocated, capital put to flight. Crops and livestock were destroyed, mines abandoned. Except in a few fortunate regions, the economic organisation of Spanish America lay in ruins.

And, as the economic life of Spanish America was disrupted, so, also, political stability was undermined. The constitutions of the infant Spanish American states, or of many of them, were framed in the light of new and alien political theories, drawn from England, France, and the United States. But nations cannot be founded on political theory. And the brave new world which idealists wished to build was contradicted by the facts of the social and political order. The wars of independence themselves had encouraged the military rather than the civilian virtues. The new ruling minority of creoles-and mestizoswas untutored in the arts of government. In most of the new republics there was not 'propelling power'-in Acton's pregnant phrase-'equal to the heavy burden of a half-barbarous population', to the dead weight of ignorance and poverty, or to the administration of vast and thinly peopled areas in which each separate city or region was the focus of an independent life. And for Spanish America in general the bitter fruit of independence was political collapse. 'For us', wrote Bolivar, in anguish and despair, as he neared his tragic end in 1830, America is ungovernable. He who serves a revolution ploughs the sea '.

The Spell of El Dorado

The immediate consequence of revolution, then, was disaster. But the old isolation of the continent had been shattered. The coming of independence opened wider horizons to the Spanish American creole. The mestizo, the man of mixed blood, also gained, though not the American Indian. And as the map of Spanish America was transformed, in England the legend of El Dorado wove again its ancient spell. British merchants and manufacturers, British capitalists, in short, the whole British publick', wrote the American minister in 1825, 'are eagerly turning their eyes . . . to the American hemisphere. They are endeayouring to link Britain to these new states, and these new states to Britain, by every tie that excited cupidity can devise, and enormous opulence carry into effect. Nothing was ever like it before, not even the days of the south sea scheme'. Loans were raised in London for one after another of the new Latin American states. There were companies and plans to navigate the rivers of South America by steam, to fish for pearls in Colombia, to establish the 'unemployed poor' of Great Britain and Ireland in Argentina, to export milkmaids to Buenos Aires to make butter. And the prospect of working the far-famed Spanish American mines excited the most sober imaginations.

But these hopes, too, were doomed to disappointment. The governments defaulted on their loans. The mining and immigration companies failed. And for half a century after the close of the wars of independence, the new states of Spanish America were scourged now by tyranny, now by anarchy. Only Chile experienced an evolution comparable to that of Brazil. There, indeed, the rural aristocracy drew together to form a conservative oligarchy which gave the country stability and opened the way for the slow unfolding of its economic life. But Chile, like Brazil, was fortunate in its history. And even Chile did not wholly escape that caudillismo, the rule of the military leader, the strong man, which, more than a praetorian legacy of the revolutionary wars, was rooted in the structure and traditions of Spanish American society.

Even at the end of the nineteenth century, in some of the Spanish American states the struggle for stability was not yet ended. In some it is scarcely ended today. But in the sixties and seventies of the last century, the temper of politics slowly changed. The cruder forms of military and civilian despotism began to vanish, and a more modern type of presidential autocrat arose. And though the 'twilight of the caudillos' lasted long, in the decade of the eighteen-seventies the states of Latin America stood upon the threshold of a new age, in which the distinctions between them became more pronounced, and in which the rise of Argentina and Mexico at last emulated the earlier but continuing rise of Chile and Brazil. The mounting figures of trade, investment, and immigration told their own tale. A new chapter in the economic and political history of Latin America had begun, and a chapter, also, related to the economic history of England and of Europe.

For it was now that the frontiers of Latin America swung wide open.

For fifty years, after the first flush of excitement in the eighteen-twenties, the flow of European capital to Latin America had been generally held back. And the immigrant stream, from the Old World to the New, had set, not to the southern, but to the northern hemisphere. But by 1876 the amount of British capital invested in Latin America alone amounted to nearly £180,000,000. It was to reach nearly £1,000,000,000 in 1913. And with the migration of capital there came also a migration of people. It was not merely to the United States that the immigrant ships now sailed across the Atlantic. They sailed also to Argentina and Brazil—the 'pioneer hinterlands' of South America.

Again, what were the results? In 1862, when the political unity of Argentina was at last assured, the country contained only fifty miles of railway. Less than 400 square miles of land were under cultivation. A 'nomadic centaur', the gaucho, the Argentine cowboy, roamed the plains. The prairie Indians were unsubdued. And the whole population was under 2,000,000. But now, the face of the country was changed. The immigrant and immigrant capital, the railway network, wire-fencing, the refrigerator and the refrigerator ship, these were the instruments of a pastoral, an agrarian, and a commercial revolution which turned Argentina into one of the great granaries of the world and its largest exporter of meat, and which transformed a backward frontier area into a highly urbanised commercial civilisation. And, incidentally, the immigrant from Spain and Italy ensured also that Argentina should become perhaps the most purely European of Latin American states.

As for Brazil, a slave state till 1888 and a monarchy till 1889, it was with the abolition of slavery and the foundation of the republic that the modern economic development of the country began, though in Brazil, it is true, there had been earlier anticipations. And here again the immigrant and immigrant capital played a decisive part. The extraordinary growth of the coffee industry, for example, was both the cause and the effect of mass migration. And while the immigrant from Portugal and Italy replaced the African slave, Germans and Italians made of southern Brazil a true zone of expanding settlement.

In the twentieth century, three other countries, Uruguay, Colombia, and Costa Rica, experienced peaceful processes of reformation and reconstruction, and a fourth, Mexico, underwent a violent social revolution—the first genuine social revolution in the New World. In most of the South American states the pace of economic change quickened. And while Argentina and Brazil remained the major immigration areas, in the years after the first world war the huge investments of United States capital in Latin America powerfully reinforced the diminished supply from Europe. But in the 'thirties a new development became apparent. The immigration frontier closed. The flow of capital, in the years of the world depression, dried up. And the Latin American states, primary producing countries, now increasingly turned to the reconstruction of their economic life, to the development of their domestic industries, and to the diversification of their agriculture and their exports. 'De-colonisation', 'economic emancipation', these were the new slogans. 'Economic nationalism'? Call it what you will, an old era was ending and a new one had begun.

But it is not only the economic structure of Latin America which is changing today. So also is its social structure. Much, it is true, remains the same. The middle class is still relatively small. The habits of rural society have not greatly changed. And in some of the Indian and mestizo countries the Indians still form a society within a society. They are in, but not of, the nation. The great problem of Spanish America, it has been well said, is—and has always been—the problem of national and social integration.

Growing Population

But the population of Latin America is already greater than that of the United States, and it is growing fast. So astonishing has been the rate of urbanisation that in Argentina, for example, whereas seventy per cent. of the population in 1870 was rural, in 1938 seventy per cent. lived in cities. The cities, it is true, often bear little relation to their sparsely peopled rural hinterlands; and there are vast areas in Latin America empty of men. The continent has still not been conquered. But the rise of the cities, the growth of a middle class and of an urban and industrial proletariat, the improvement of communications, and other economic changes of the last haif-century—all these have profoundly affected the old patriarchal organisation of Latin American society. New life is stirring and new forces are arising. This is not a new continent growing old. It is an old continent which is being made anew.—Third Programme

The Task of the Film Critic

By JAMES MONAHAN

REMEMBER a drawing in the American magazine The New Yorker, which showed two humble little people standing on the pavement or side-walk, looking up at a mammoth cinema at which was announced a film called 'Savage Ecstasy', or 'Ecstatic Hate', or 'Hateful Love'—some such typical juicy title. And all the front of this vast neon-lit edifice was covered with the mighty posters proclaiming that this film was stupendous, superb, shocking, not-to-bemissed, and all the rest of it. The two unimportant little citizens were looking at this overwhelming display and one was saying to the other quite simply: 'Bet it's a lousy movie'.

'Mass-Produced Goods'

I do not mean to suggest that this negation—this refusal by a small, independent mind to be bamboozled by all the brassy apparatus of film publicity—is the sum total of the job of film criticism. What is true, I think, is that a film critic, more perhaps than any other critic, has to reject a great deal. All critics, no doubt, must be content to find relatively little wheat among a great deal of chaff. But, I suggest, the film critic's plight in this respect is somewhat special. He has to accept the fact that the vast bulk of moving pictures are never intended to pass any sort of aesthetic test at all. Is that too sweeping a statement? I think not. Or at least—to get my terms of reference straight—I should perhaps explain that what I have in mind is the situation in this country, where the large majority of films which are seen are American, where there is an important minority of British films, and a smattering of films, mostly French and Italian, from the continent of Europe. It is none of my business to indulge in derogatory claptrap at the expense of Hollywood, but the sober fact remains that, first of all, the vast majority of these films, British as well as American, are little more than so many mass-produced goods, made according to certain simple formulas.

All films, certainly, are meant to pass a certain test—that of the boxoffice; but, whether we like it or not, or whether or not we think that the present state of affairs is inevitable, the sanction of the boxoffice has little to do with the sanctions of aesthetic judgment. And even if you put aside the more obvious mass-productions, the third-class 'westerns', for instance, or the third-class crime films, thrillers, and farcical comedies, and consider only the glossier, grander kind of American or Anglo-American film, the majority of them are so bedevilled by calculations of national, or continental, or even world-wide box-office returns, that they neither ask for nor need serious critical treatment. In other words, the critic can either be a mere barometer of commercial success, in which case he is no critic, in any real meaning of the term, or he is likely to be hunting for qualities in films which, for the most part, the makers care nothing about and rarely intend to put into their films in the first place. It is, perhaps, like looking for airs and graces in the behaviour of a steam-roller. Again, the film world is one of mighty blurbs, which, whether they extol a film-star or a film, are all precisely calculated to replace individual, reasonable criticism with a collective image of a miraculously glamourised paradise. In all this noisy chorus, the voice of a critic is certainly a lonely one, and may well seem to you to be a very unimportant one as well.

Another point: apart from the commercial purpose for which films are made; apart, too, from the extravagance of publicity which adorns films, the actual making of any film is a highly complicated business in which a great many technicians of one sort or another are involved. I realise that it is the conventional thing to ascribe general responsibility for the quality of the final marketed film to the director (who corresponds in rather more glorified form to the producer of a play). It is a justified convention, certainly, but it is by no means the end of the matter. The director's control may, as a rule, be the principal one in the making of a film; but there are and have been not a few producers who, besides doing the basic job of a film-producer (do not confuse him with a play producer) in looking after the finances of a film, also exert considerable influence on the director, or on the script writer or writers, and on everyone also concerned. So, too, what film-critic has not said from time to time that a director can make his film only as well as his script allows?

The script writer, in other words, must always be important and may be dominant. Or the quality of the photography may make all the difference to an otherwise insignificant film (and this fine photography may owe almost as much to the director as to the camera-man); or a film can be enormously improved by the manner of its cutting. Last, but perhaps not least, it may be the director who has made this particular actress or actor play so well in his film, or it may even be that the player himself or herself is mainly responsible for the quality of his or her performance.

I am not denying that it is right to nail responsibility on the director. But it is worth remembering that there is a kind of 'detective-element' in the job of a film critic which gives it a particular complexity. The best critic is one who is best at this detective work, provided he is also best at some other still more important things. Only, in order to be a really good detective, he may require a remarkable amount of information about the making of any given film: the sort of information, if you like, which was given by the American journalist, Lillian Ross, in her meticulously cruel (and by now famous) account of the making of John Huston's splendid and unfortunate film, 'The Red Badge of Courage'.

Here, I must say a word about the real 'back-room' part of film-making: I mean those developments in applied science which have, from time to time, influenced or even revolutionised film-craft and the film industry. For while technical and scientific developments have had their effects on all the arts (notably on architecture), the art of the film is not only the youngest of them but, in its tiny space of life, it has already been turned inside out by the arrival of 'talkies'. The advent of colour, too, had its effect (a much more limited one, admittedly), and now television and 3-D have come to modify and confuse, in their separate but interrelated ways, the activities of the film-makers—and consequently to play Old Harry also with the perspectives of film-criticism. The essential question which arises here is: can there be any point in trying to apply judgments, based on some sort of firm aesthetic standards, to a product which is, so frequently and so thoroughly, a mere plaything of science?

After such a gloomy-seeming catalogue of the film critic's handicaps, you may well be asking: 'But what room, then, is left for that apparently remote, ineffectual, twilight creature, the film critic?' Let me begin by saying for whom—in, I admit, my own personal view—the critic is trying to write. To whom, in other words, does he feel himself responsible?

Recognition for the 'Artists of the Cinema'

I think he is, or should be, trying to write for two sorts of people. Whatever may be the general state and the dominant purpose of the film industry, it does contain people who are trying to use the elaborate, commercial apparatus of the film medium in order to create works of artistic value. We have only to think of the great names among filmmakers (quite a number of great names considering the briefness of the history of film-making) and of the not so great names of others who have from time to time made memorable films-films which may or may not have pulled off the 'double' of pleasing the box-office and satisfying critical judgment, but which could certainly not be regarded as wholly commercial in their purpose and achievement. These are the true artists of the cinema—and it is for the critic to show his appreciation of them by his (we may hope) perceptive praise or blame, his encouragement and his enthusiasm for their work. These artists of the cinema, as I have rather horribly called them, may be relatively few in the cinema's great jungle-world; but they are quite numerous, all the same—and when all the conventional mud has been flung at the taste and the tendencies of, say, Hollywood, the fact remains that Hollywood has always been a seeker after the world's best talent. What it does with that talent may often be far from commendable, but the talent does go to California, and also goes to the other nations' film-studios; it is for the critic to give his mite of support to this talent.

But if the critic writes for such people, he is also, in a much more immediate and obvious sense, writing not for the film-makers but for the film-going public—or at least for part of it. Mine is not the

basically pessimistic view that the film-going public as a whole must necessarily prefer the showy, shoddy film to the really good one; but I do think that the great proportion of the film-going public is most unlikely to pay attention to the words of a film critic: to those (and they are surely the majority) for whom going to the cinema is just a regular habit, the words of a critic are irrelevant. All they need (the film industry is right in thinking) is that their interest in films should be bolstered up by the 'glamourising' publicity mentioned earlier. But a great many people who like to go to films are not like that: again they are relatively few compared with the rest, but they amount to a sizeable army just the same. They want to go not to 'the cinema', but to a particular film if they think it good enough. For such people the critic writes: to them he owes his second (and most regular and most obvious) responsibility. I do not mean that even for such people's taste a critic should try to be a kind of impersonal mirror; he must be allowed to have his own quirks of fancy, his prejudices, his blind spots. He must, in fact, be like any individual among these selective film-goers-only more knowledgeable, more interested, and more capable of saying why a film is good, bad or indifferent; and of giving in words the 'flavour' of a film.

Limited Rescue Work

Such are the people for whom the film critic writes. But, when all is said and done, what can he really do for them? Whereas dramatic critics can make or break a play, film critics cannot make or break a film. On the other hand they can, on occasion, make a film be shown (in London, at least) which otherwise would not be shown. They can do this limited kind of rescue work for a good film and, therefore, for one of these artists of the cinema to whom the critic owes a responsibility. John Huston's 'The Red Badge of Courage' was a case in point—a wonderful film, written off as almost a dead loss by the company who had allowed Huston to make it, and condemned to the most fleeting, hole-in-corner showing in the west end of London, until certain critics (and especially one) who had seen it raised an outcry about it. The result was that it did get a respectable showing in the country-though I would be surprised to hear that, even so, it had been a financial success. The critic who played a leading part in rescuing this film of Huston's was Richard Winnington of the News Chronicle, who died recently. Here was a film critic in the true sense, a man with a passionate interest in films, great knowledge about the craft and the industry, and inexhaustibly zealous in the cause of 'better films'.

When Winnington helped to rescue John Huston's film, he was rendering a service not only to a film-maker but also to the film-goers who valued his opinion and who would want to see such a film. In fact, the two duties go together. Usually the service rendered is much more humdrum; it is a matter of preserving, in the great world of the cinema, at least a little corner where the climate of opinion is helpful

to the making and the seeing of better films.

What, then, are these 'better films'? Here I come to the crux of the matter. What, as I see it, a critic is, or ought to be, looking for in a film is, in no particular order of priority: technical competence (and how lucky if he can find it), technical originality, qualities of imagination in either the treatment or the contents of a film (or in both), dramatic effectiveness, sensible or even really intelligent dialogue, good or better acting, and-artistic integrity. And of course the fundamental, and perhaps rarest, thing in the making of films is genuine artistic integrity. This, I say, is the crux of the matter. At one end there is room for at least a considerable number of the most popular sort of films within the critic's scope; even in these there may be a little surprising spark—you can never be sure. There is room, too, for the most experimental kinds of films (not forgetting the severe limitations on worth-while experiment in film-making, imposed by the costliness and complexity of the medium). There is even room, theoretically at least, for poetic films-meaning by that not the Olivier adaptations of Shakespeare on the screen, excellent and valuable though these have been, but a use of the screen's much neglected powers of fantasy to create a poetry which belongs only to the film medium. The feature film, which is the largest though by no means the only item in the world of film-production, remains obstinately one of realism, of prose. It is only a very rare man (Jean Cocteau, for instance) who really tries to distil this realism into poetic fantasy-and I must confess that Cocteau does not do it in a way that really touches my fancy.

I realise that I am passing from the question of what critics look for or should look for in films if they are to be 'better films', and am coming to the whims and predilections of one critic. One thing which I enjoy about films is the vivid microcosm they so often and so readily provide of habits of life and thought in the different countries. And I must confess to a weakness for the attitude towards humanity (forgive the phrase) shown in even the less good Italian films. One film, as yet to be found, for which I wait eagerly, is the really satisfactory dance film. 'On the Town' came nearest to doing the trick, but I have not yet seen a film which (with all that capability of musical movement which belongs to the screen and is so kin to the movement of ballet) is a complete piece of screen choreography.

To sum up: I have suggested a distinctly woebegone picture of the critic; but the final picture of him is, I think, a little different. True, he is a somewhat lonely commentator in a big, stark, commercial world; true, he is a tiny voice crying in a wilderness of publicity. But just because of these things he is a rather important figure: an interpreter of, and to, minority opinion. It was never so important as it is now, in these times of the common man, to preserve minorities. And minorities themselves are well aware of that. The film critic's danger, indeed, is of becoming not too humble but too arrogant. As to the problem of detection in his work, that, while not always so thoroughly mastered as the conscientious critic would wish, is nevertheless surmounted largely with time and with experience. The scientific or 'back-room' revolutions which occur in the film-medium are, certainly, a fearful encumbrance to the steady development of principles of criticism (as well as to the principles of film making). 'Heaven help us', said a critic the other day when asked his opinion of 3-D, 'but we've only just begun to understand about sound films!'

But no scientific wonder, so far, has really changed the essentials of good film-making and reasonable criticism. Those essentials are, and, I suggest, are likely to remain, much as summarised by me earlier, when I tried to say what a critic looks for in films. The methods may change radically; the perennial requirements of drama, of sense, and of integrity remain. And the technical changes in the medium are a challenge—albeit an all too frequent one—to the critic to apply the old principles to the altered conditions. The trouble is, of course, that when a new toy like 3-D turns up, film-makers forget all about making good films;

they just play with the new toy.

I come back, finally, to those two little people from *The New Yorker*. The position of the critic is not quite the same as theirs. Rather is the critic a man who, hearing these two people so roundly and soundly dismissing the mighty screen epic as 'a lousy movie', then takes these two by the hand and leads them to a, perhaps, smaller and less showy cinema where the movie is not lousy. These two citizens, after all, were, by their nature, readers of criticism—they had shown that. The critic is the man who can or should be able to turn their negation into at least an occasional affirmation, an occasional expression of approval. The state of the man who has that job to do may not be as 'passing brave' as it is 'to be a King and ride in triumph through Persepolis'. Yet it is not nothing.—Home Service

Arrival of Autumn

A wind smuggling damp through trees
As nerveless as the lassitude of contented passion
Confides its duplicity to the limp leaves
That clothe the pavement with an abandoned fashion
Of green and yellow in their soft decease;

Weeds, wincing as the evasive air
Investigates the anomaly of urban gardens,
Stir the surrounding earth, unaware
Of the complicity of the close clay that burdens
Their furtive roots with the moisture of its layer.

Even the hard city, which can at least maintain
Its design intact, no longer poses
As permanent: light makes a perfectly plain
Building inexcusably real, exposes
In a whole wall the infirmity of stone.

Yet everything is safe. And for the most part the great Transition is managed unobtrusively: the patent Success of the whole affair, when complete, Being marred only, as always, by the latent Pity of the earth for a summer's last defeat.

RONALD GASKELL

A Great German Historian

MICHAEL GRANT on Theodor Mommsen and his influence

HE University of Berlin in January 1900 held a ceremony to usher in this twentieth century. A man who was there has lately told a story of how, when the speeches were over, the platform party found its ceremonial exit barred by an impenetrable crowd of standing students. Professors urged, the Rector commanded, the Dean of Medicine barked. Nobody moved. Then, says the eye-witness, Eberhard Bruck, 'a small figure emerged, stooping, the head bent down. Only a shock of long white hair could be seen . . . the old man walked slowly towards the students. Then he tossed his

head. Under the enormous forehead an arched nose appeared, and piercing eyes flashed up-the eyes of an eagle. It was Theodor Mommsen'. The students gave way. It is true that when he had gone through, the passage-way vanished, so that all his colleagues had to wait. But for him the students gave way. And no wonder. He had left a deep and indelible mark on his times, and our own times too bear its stamp; occasionally we remember this, as when an unknown clause of his will was recently published, but the debt is not

always acknowledged.

Students of the nineteenth century have revived interest in Ranke. But Mommsen was a historian of ancient times; and however pious lawyers may be about his memory, ancient historians are perhaps less articulate: they often warn each other to remember Mommsen or to forget him, but outside Germany, at least, they rather keep him to themselves. And this obscures the fact that as a historian, whether ancient or modern does not matter, his lasting influence has been as great as that of Ranke: at least it is Mommsen whose doctrines are more widely respected today. Lord Acton said, and it is still true: 'By the extent of important work well executed, by his influence on able men, and by the amount of knowledge which mankind receives and employs with the stamp of his mind upon it, Mommsen is without

a rival

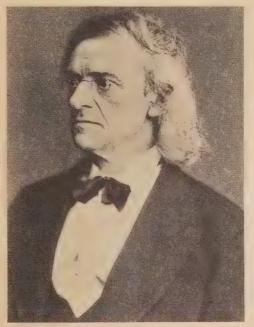
Acton was rightly impressed by the quantity as well as the quality of Mommsen's output. To our hard-pressed generation the list of his works makes fantastic reading. In his bibliography there are 1,513 items. This includes new editions and the like, but even without them the total is fabulous; and many of the items are major works. In the eighteen-eighties, when Mommsen was already near the present normal retiring age, every year still saw thirty or forty new books, articles, and reviews; and it had been the same throughout decade after decade, for the greater part of the nineteenth century. It becomes clear from the list that in the course of his life Mommsen did the work of about ten or twenty first-class scholars. And he was a sociable person as well; so it is certainly not surprising to learn that a lot of sleep was not necessary for him.

When the students gave way to him in his old age, his first violent impact on Germany was nearly fifty years back. In 1849 two men had been listening to him lecturing. This was not one of his greatest talents; he was clear and careful, but usually above his audience's heads. But it occurred to these listeners that Mommsen could write a remarkable Roman history, and they suggested it to him. He wrote it, and it came out in three volumes, the first in 1853 and the last in 1856. The first scientific Roman history had been written by Niebuhr in the Napoleonic age; and it is as his heir that Mommsen asserts that 'hearsay evidence is as good as the source it comes from'. But Mommsen thought Niebuhr could not see the wood for the trees-and Niebuhr's style was dull. Mommsen, on the other hand, wrote about Rome in a startling modern idiom. 'Imagine London', he says, 'with the slave population of New Orleans, with the police of Constantinople, with the political agitations of 1848, and you will have a pretty exact picture of the magnificent Republican city of which Cicero and his contemporaries deplore the collapse in their sulky correspondence. You can almost hear Mommsen saying how misguided Ranke was to make everyone sound so nice; and you can see him, with his nervous curling lip and gimlet eyes, being told that a certain German had been

appointed to an English university, and replying, 'But have you no charlatans of your own?'

How badly his sort of writing must have gone down among the teaching staffs of German universities at the time! But how splendid its picturesque brutality seemed to young Germans utterly bored with academic style! In the eighteen-fifties these young men were reading Schopenhauer, Goethe's Faust-and Mommsen.

From Mommsen they learnt that 'greatness of the flesh' and men of action were exciting, that the strong conquers the weak, and that the criterion of politics is success; as Treitschke puts it, the issue of events is a judgment of God. Mommsen sneers at Cicero as 'a journalist in the worst sense of the word'-and he shows little conception of the freedom which Cicero in his way tried to preserve. But it would not be fair to say Mommsen praised absolutism generally. He did not: and indeed, though he was far from being a revolutionary, after 1848 he had been in trouble for opposing reaction. Yet already as a student he had written an essay called 'Geniuses are a necessary evil'; and one of these necessary geniuses in his view, indeed an exceptionally necessary one, was Julius Caesar. He regarded Caesar as the man who did a job that had to be done. In Rome, he acidly



Theodor Mommsen, who died fifty years ago this month

observed, 'the representative system had not eliminated the need for saviours of society'. Yet he was a liberal, and he reconciled this with his admiration of Julius Caesar by rather gratuitously supposing that Caesar really aimed at a 'free state'—the point being that Mommsen and his friends genuinely believed that modern Prussia, in order to fulfil its mission, would likewise first have to become a 'free state', democratic and liberal; and so he retrospectively imposed the same intention on Julius Caesar.

But what he really liked about Caesar was that Caesar had subordinated the aristocracy. Here again his reasons were topical, because Mommsen hated the Junker court of his own day, 'encrusted veterans', he called them, 'whose obstinacy passes in the eyes of simple people for conservative vigour . . . legitimism is a ghost in politics—when summoned it vanishes'. Young people turned hopefully away from King Frederick William IV with his Junkers to the William who was shortly to succeed him. It it true that the attitude of Prince William in 1848 had only deserved him the nickname of Prince Cartridge. But it was already clear that much might happen when he

And it did; the Junkers remained powerful enough, it is true, but the German empire came into being. And Mommsen liked it, and that is why Julius Caesar's aggressive expansion of the Roman empire was also profoundly welcome to him. Mommsen, though his name is Frisian, had been born (in 1817) in Schleswig-Holstein, then unwillingly Danish-and all the talk about poor Germans being bullied by brutal imperialist Danes is to many people an interestingly unfamiliar point of view. Mommsen had gone to Kiel University, focus of pan-German feeling, of which Mommsen was the passionate disciple. And in the eighteen-fifties the wave of feeling became a flood, guided by a series of new and powerful books, treating various branches of history from the Prussian viewpoint—and this was animated history at last, written with real force.

So now there is a great deal of talk about stock and blood, and nations of one blood—and talk of nations generally, of states being divine ('thoughts of God') and of states made by shedding blood, in what Hegel had called 'struggles of moral energies'. Before long Nietzsche was going to speak, with less emphasis on the moral part; and Darwin was at hand, too, for German historians to subscribe with gusto to the survival of the fittest. Our age, says Mommsen, is an age of iron, we must prepare the young for the struggles ahead. We Germans really must stop being dear old things, gemütlich old busters and passively unpolitical. So far so good; but in 1865, now a Member of Parliament, he was talking of what he called a 'categorical imperative of necessity and the nation'. And that meant nothing less than war, 'the great machine which works out progress'—and it also works out Kultur: Kultur muss sein, and the method is obligingly indicated: 'a nation which has become a state seeks to absorb its neighbours which have remained politically inferior'. As E. A. Freeman remarked, one mourns to see Mommsen falling down and worshipping brute force wherever he can find it. It is, I suppose, true that, despite much noble ancient thinking on the subject, the worst taint on our Greco-Roman inheritance is its obtuse unreasonableness about foreign affairs; and unfortunately this taint appeared in Mommsen, particularly with regard to small nations.

Dislike of France

But Mommsen disliked France, too, at times. So though the new hero was Frederick the Great, the less said about Frederick's passion for French culture the better. French was still spoken at the Prussian court right into the mid-nineteenth century, and young Germans had had enough of this. Most of their historians detested the French Revolution, with its ideals of the rights of man so contrary to this national emphasis on states. It was not for nothing that there had been celebrations in 1843 of the millennium of Germany's 'liberation from France' and then there was Napoleon I who had humiliated the Germans; and now this French ape-people, Affenvolk, had Napoleon III who might very well want to do it again. In 1870 Mommsen was in the thick of the armchair fray against this 'modern French Babylon with its literature as foul as the waters of the Seine'. That tiresome pseudo-science of national psychology had set in, with its sweeping statements that all Germans are this, all French are that—though France was a little complicated since, as a German contemporary pointed out, it had considerable good parts, which were in fact German, polluted by the Ile de France, 'the stuffing of the French pie, a ferment of rottenness which corrupts the rest '

A lot of this twaddle sank into people's minds—and to what extent was this due to Mommsen? 'Madmen in authority', said Maynard Keynes, 'who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back'. But the whole question of the extent of German academic influence on Germans is much disputed. Acton thought that it was Mommsen and his contemporaries who put history in touch with national life—in other words, who made German people (in a peculiar way) historically minded. And after Austria had been smashed in 1866, Wilhelm, now King and soon to be emperor, expressed his view that the Germans owed much to those who gave them their ideas when they were young. But 'pure and impartial history', as Treitschke pointed out, 'could not suit a passionate, warlike nation'—and Mommsen did suit it; he was a best-seller.

Throughout these events his torrent of publications continued from a series of professorial chairs, at Leipzig, Zurich, Breslau, and at Berlin—from 1858 until his death forty-five years later. Already before the Franco-Prussian war he had achieved work of permanent importance in a startling variety of classical fields. His remarkable linguistic ability showed itself in dialect and manuscript studies. He was probably the first man to appreciate the real importance of papyri. His work on coins, too, marks a new epoch. But one of the outstanding achievements of his life—according to one contemporary the outstanding achievement —was the editing of Latin inscriptions. On this Mommsen spent very many years. Historians nowadays regard collections of Latin inscriptions as an essential part of their equipment. The idea of collecting them was perhaps conceived first in Copenhagen, to which Mommsen,

for ideas as previously for subsidies, was thus the debtor. But it was in Germany that the work was done, and it was Mommsen who, after travelling in Italy and elsewhere, did an inconceivable amount of this work. He presented his scheme to the Berlin Academy in 1847, and then he prepared and published volume after volume for forty years. Mommsen was sorry he had to earn money by spending untold hours in exercising his genius for organisation on so comparatively mechanical a task; but it was a wonderful achievement. This deliberate stress on details was novel in an age of speculation: this is the 'assemblage of raw materials' which came to historians from the industrial system. Arnold Toynbee will not have it called history, any more than he will allow this name to composite works like the Cambridge Histories, but we cannot do without either.

And Mommsen, as well as merely collecting, also interpreted what he collected, on a great scale. One of many results is his edition of the Ankara inscription of Augustus' Acts. This partly fills the only gap in Mommsen's life work—his Roman History had ended before Augustus, and a last volume (which he added later) dealt not with Augustus but with a specialised subject, the provinces. The edition of the Acts was splendid—but it did not altogether remove a feeling that by terminating his history short of Augustus he had underestimated him in favour of Caesar. And it did not silence a great deal of speculation about whether a history of the Roman emperors by Mommsen was still to follow. But it never did. 'I no longer have the passion to tell of Caesar's death', he said: and perhaps also he did not quite know how to deal with Christianity which came soon after, the religion of humility.

Besides there was another mighty work which occupied a vast portion of his later middle age. This was his Roman Public Law—Römisches Staatsrecht—and it is of the utmost importance in our own time because its effect on Roman lawyers has been so vast that it can scarcely be assessed in words, and also because many, or most, ancient historians today still take their stand upon it. One has recently remarked that all efforts to supersede Mommsen have failed, and another that no man can be a Roman historian without knowing this work. These are remarkable tributes to a work published as long ago as the eighteen-seventies and 'eighties. Looking on it as history—and it is a cross-section of history, as well as law—I wonder if so old a book as the Roman Public Law is equally respected in any other central historical field.

Mommsen's first and foremost approach to history had been through jurisprudence. His first professorial chairs were of law; but even as a student in Kiel's Law Faculty, he had been convinced that jurisprudence was what would throw the brightest light on the Roman state. More than thirty years later, after reluctant postponements and important preliminary editions, he showed what he meant, in his Roman Public Law. It was a work in keeping with the age. Shortly before Mommsen was born, Kant had stressed that ethics are a social concept expressed in the state's laws; and great German lawyers like Savigny had been saying the laws are the exact images of the life of the people; and Niebuhr had thought that the key to the whole development of the Roman Republic was again a law, the law of property.

But it was inevitable that the laws on which special interest focused should be in the constitutional field. For since national states were described as 'thoughts of God', their constitutions were pretty awesome too. In any case, as Ranke advised the King in 1848, 'men are now used to considering political life only under constitutional form'; the Liberals thought optimistically that Prussia, to lead, must be constitutional. So in Mommsen's Roman studies two passions, for the law and the nation, converged—the more readily since he never thought much of Roman culture in any other field.

Theory of the 'Dyarchy'

Naturally, a good deal of what he wrote has nowadays been amended. His famous theory of the 'dyarchy', division of power between Roman emperor and senate, now rather looks like a hopeful effort to think of German liberalism and Hohenzollern monarchy as compatible; whereas historians today speak of a division of labour, but feel that the power all belonged to the Emperor. Again, he sometimes seems to think of the law as something holy and superhuman and to underestimate the extent to which clever Roman emperors could use and misuse it; and so he seems to some of us to have unduly neglected some of the non-legal methods they could employ—appeals to tradition and emotion, and so on. But he was not living in our suspicious and propagandaconscious age. It is true that he was appropriately suspicious of (continued on page 773)

The Restoration of a Giorgione

By HELMUT RUHEMANN

HE canvas of 'The Adulteress before Christ' is four feet six inches by four feet eleven inches; the figures are about two-thirds life-size. Unfortunately the picture is incomplete; a man's figure on the right has been cut off at some time and is lost, except for the head, which is now in a New York private collection. There is an old copy of the picture from the Glasgow Art Gallery in the Bergamo Museum, where one can see the missing figure.

The leading modern experts have attributed 'The Adulteress' to six or seven different masters in turn. Two of them thought it was painted partly by Giorgione and partly by Titian. This uncertainty is not surprising, as the bad condition of the picture made it almost impossible to judge it properly. At any rate it was not one of the seven or eight undisputed Giorgiones. If 'The Adulteress' were to join definitely this small number it would indeed cause a sensation in the art world. The desire to be able to judge the picture with more certainty was perhaps the main incentive for the restoration. But even more important was another reason: the paint had been scaling off in a lot of places over many years, and it was likely that the perished varnish was aggravating this condition, and might have to be removed if the picture was to be saved. All this, and the desire to see the picture in its true colours (then distorted by the brown varnish), may have prompted Dr. Honeyman (Director of the Glasgow Art Gallery) to advise a complete

This is why the restoration was undertaken. However, Dr. Honeyman did not want to make such an important decision on his own, and waited till the painting could be submitted to a systematic examination with all the modern scientific aids. At the first opportunity the canvas came to the National Gallery, and I was asked to provide a detailed report. Here are the conclusions I arrived at: first, that the old varnish no longer offered sufficient

protection to the paint; then, that the hardened and chipping varnish might be pulling off loose paint—some flaking was going on all the time; further, that the old varnish prevented a complete impregnation of the picture which is necessary for the fixing and preservation of the paint; and I thought that the picture now obscured would be revealed, if cleaned—it would certainly gain in brilliance, subtlety, and aesthetic merit, and no disfiguring accretions would be left on the painting.



'The Adulteress before Christ', by Giorgione, which has been lent by the Glasgow Art Gallery to the National Gallery, London, where it is now on view. Below: detail of the picture during cleaning and before restoration. The dark bands across the left of the face are the uncleaned portions



At this stage one could not be certain of the true state of preservation. The picture was undoubtedly much damaged but the small cleaning tests made were promising. Cleaning tests mean the removal of the varnish down to the original paint in a few specimen areas. In this condition of the painting it was doubtful whether reasonable certainty for the attribution could be reached; but I hoped that the cleaning would make the evidence clearer and I was confident that after a sparing retouching of the most disturbing blemishes there would be much less modern paint on the picture than before.

The painting was first examined in sunlight by means of a stereoscopic lens, with up to thirty times magnification. Notes, and also full-size detail photographs and X-radiographs, where taken, covering the whole surface. The radiographs revealed all the gaps in the paint which were covered with retouchings: namely, the wide cracks, due probably to faulty technique. Apparently the artist had painted over a layer of his paint that had not completely dried. Further, the X-rays showed up the hundreds of tiny spots where the paint had been worn off, probably by careless cleaning or by a hot iron during an earlier relining. Relining is the sticking of the picture on to a new canvas, done when the original one has deteriorated. Apart from this the X-rays gave us interesting information as to how the artist worked. For instance, one of the X-ray photographs shows a ghost-like earlier sketching-in of the woman's head about two inches to the left of its final position, while the other reveals an earlier position of Christ's head in a com-

pletely different posture. The canvas abounds in such alterations. I then had infra-red photographs taken which do not go as deep as X-rays; here they went through dirt and varnish and through most of the over-paint. They also helped to give one, eventually, a clearer idea of the actual state of preservation of the paint. All these large photographs—eighty-four in all—could be used to verify whether anything was lost during restoration.

Blue Sky Turned to Green

The most striking feature of the condition of the picture was the darkness and yellowness of the varnish. The blue sky had become green, the white linen yellow, and so on. All dark passages had a milky olive tone, owing to the varnish having turned semi-opaque with time. One could now tell with certainty that major losses were fortunately confined to the area along the left part of the canvas seam which runs across the middle of the picture. There was also widespread abrasion in many parts, though large areas were in excellent condition. I thought that all these blemishes, if made visible by cleaning, would amount to a considerable interruption of the modelling in some passages, but would not much impair the unity of the larger forms, which was still intact, and could be restored to any degree desired by judicious toning of the small gaps. This retouching would largely replace the existing one but would be less extensive, as many of the present retouches were unnecessary and encroached on the original paint. There was a particularly large retouching on the woman's skirt, and I suspected that it might cover some part of the cut-off figure I mentioned earlier. The little cleaning trials made at this stage showed to my great satisfaction that the original paint was impervious to a much stronger solvent than was necessary to remove varnish and retouchings. A wide margin of safety could thus be established for the cleaning.

After seeing my report Dr. Honeyman and Sir Philip Hendy, the director of the National Gallery, recommended a thorough restoration and the Glasgow committee decided in favour of it. In March 1953 I started the actual work. I began by securing the surface of the picture by sticking Japanese tissue paper on it. I had to remove the old relining canvas and the old glue-mixture—adhesive which had not properly penetrated the original canvas and had failed to fix the loose paint. I wanted above all to avoid unnecessary hot ironing, which had embrittled, flattened and abraded this picture like so many others in the past. I had a rubber blanket made for this purpose, which had electric wiring inside and could be kept at just the right temperature by a regulator. On this blanket the new impregnation and relining were done with a wax-resin adhesive, to make the paint tough again.

I shall now tell you what I used for the cleaning, but you must not try it out on your own pictures. Even much milder mixtures are dangerous in inexperienced hands, and might do great harm on many types of pictures. By no means all pictures can be cleaned with impunity and profit. After careful tests on minute areas with various solvents, on all the different colours, I decided to do the cleaning with acetone and rectified paraffin, half and half. Varnish and re-touching came away easily; only some of the over-paint by Christ's knee had to be removed by scraping. The assessment of the condition was confirmed and there was no unpleasant surprise. The knee of the missing man appeared. The state of preservation was on the whole better than had been feared. During the cleaning it became evident that the varnish was not naturally darkened but tinted with pigment: it was, in fact, nothing but the artificial patina we find on pictures in the majority of cases. The whole picture and the main details were photographed again after the 'stripping'.

The question of how far to go with the cleaning was not difficult to answer. As the varnish was so dark and yellow that it disfigured the painting considerably, it had to be removed entirely. Fortunately it was easily distinguishable from the original glazes, which were much harder, and also the varnish lay over retouchings which, in turn, lay over obvious damage. A much greater problem was how far to go with the retouching. I aimed at reducing the disturbing effect of gaps in the paint, so that the master's intention could again be enjoyed to the full. On the other hand, I did not attempt to simulate a perfect preservation, but tried to keep to the minimum of retouching to achieve my aim. The main thing was not to introduce anything out of keeping with the original style or quality of the painting. The retouchings had to be made in such a way that they could easily be removed at a future date, should they ever be found to be inadequate, as might well happen. Therefore I applied soft resin-varnish before starting the retouching, and added soft resin or wax to all the media I employed. Resin and wax, even

when dry and hard, always remain easily soluble. Egg-tempera was used for the body colours, and wax-resin or stand-oil-and-resin for the glazes. Ordinary oil retouches soon discolour.

I did not strive to make my retouching invisible; the experts, and, I daresay, many a layman, may spot most of it—but, on the other hand, I did not deliberately make it visible. In the large gap around Christ's knee I even had to try to imitate the wrinkled texture of the original; a smoother surface would have been too disturbing. The varnishing was done with resin-varnish and three per cent. stand-oil (applied by means of an electric air spray gun), and, when this was dry, I applied a hard wax-finish to protect the varnish against humidity and to reduce excessive gloss. This is all I need to tell you about the 'how'. A few small squares were left uncleaned, as a clue to the previous condition, and an old colour-postcard, some full-sized black-and-white photographs, and three colour slides, taken during the cleaning, give a fair record of the change.

Now to the results. The change achieved by the cleaning was very great, even greater than expected. The colours came out in striking luminosity and the forms in powerful clarity. The picture also gained considerably in depth and atmosphere; some parts of the landscape came out almost impressionistic in their airiness. Together with the original colours, infinite subtleties were revealed: the linen was white again, the sky blue, and the shadows had regained their original depth; and only now did one realise how ingeniously the master had played off the harsh vermilion and orange worn by the Accuser, against the sweeter rose-red and blue of Christ's garments.

But what about the attribution? Has anything been revealed to help decide the issue? I believe so. I found in this picture all the characteristics, stylistic and technical, that I found in the other Giorgiones I have cleaned: the Giustiniani portrait at the Berlin Museum; the 'Adoration' at the National Gallery, and a 'Salome' in private hands. Of these, only the first is undisputed and perhaps the Ariosto portrait at the National Gallery now given to Titian which I also cleaned may one day be ascribed to Giorgione too. The characteristics which I see in all these pictures are: the peculiar cool cocoa-brown colour of the shadow areas in the flesh; the building-up of the flesh parts. Giorgione used, like Titian, a brown undermodelling, but unlike Titian he then applied a light pink underpaint (in 'The Adulteress' there is an additional light green underpaint under the pink). The main modelling is not achieved by a solid layer with its own thick highlights, but by a semi-transparent application of dark pink, leaving the underlying lighter pink shining through the light portions, just as in water-colour painting one leaves the white paper showing. Perhaps the main difference from Titian's way of working is the smooth handling of the flesh modelling; it shows almost no brush marks. All this is fundamentally different from the technique in the Titians I have analysed. But there may be some early ones in existence where he used exactly the same method as Giorgione, who was his master.

Difference in the Personalities of Two Masters

Then there were the non-technical peculiarities which I found in most of the paintings recognised as by Giorgione: the small 'timid' hands, never quite open, with short fingers and nails; the powerful bulging of the drapery, and the insistence on the roundness of heads. The colours in the Glasgow picture were revealed as very similar to those in the 'Adoration' at the National Gallery: rose-red, vermilion, strong blue, strong green, deep gold yellow, and violet; for violet, Giorgione had a particular predilection. All these peculiarities, mostly hidden before, had come out clearly with the cleaning; and I believe the puzzle as to which works are by Giorgione and which by the young Titian will now be easier to solve. The fundamental difference in the personalities of the two masters is reflected in their style and technique: the dashing temperament of Titian and the sensitive quiet reserve of Giorgione. All this, I think, has now come out much clearer in the Glasgow picture.

But what one was always able to see, and will, I hope, see for another few centuries, is the almost miraculous mastery with which the scene is evoked: the woman's beautiful and helpless gesture of submission—one feels that nothing but mercy can avail. And here is mercy in the person of Jesus, who, with the tenderest touch, halts the Accuser and says: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her'.—Third Programme

The second edition, revised and reset, of *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* has now been published (Oxford, 42s.). This edition contains some 1,300 additional quotations, bringing the total number up to 40,000.

Man, Caribou, and Lichen

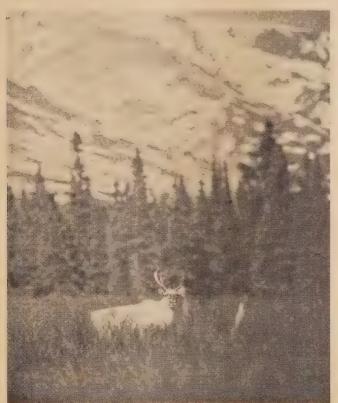
By F. FRASER DARLING

HE paradox of Stone Age man repairing the diesel engine of a heavy caterpillar tractor with consummate skill, of a wild land six or seven times the size of Great Britain holding a total population of 130,000 but served by the finest bushflying organisation in the world, makes Alaska a highly stimulating

place in which to work.

But whose world is Alaska? This north-westerly extremity of the American continent is often thought to be part of Canada, possibly because it is adjacent to it and the greater length of the Yukon River flows through Alaska. The Yukon Territory of Canada lies east of the hundred and forty-first meridian, which is the boundary between Alaska and Canada from the Arctic Ocean almost to the Pacific. Alaska is United States territory, by purchase from Russia in 1867 for 7,200,000 dollars. Before that it was just plain Russian America. Alaska became Russian in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, much as Canada became French and British in the seventeenth and eighteenth. The immense natural wealth of furs brought about the establishment of a Russian company not unlike the Hudson Bay Company in Canada. But there was this big difference. The French and British penetrated deep into Canada, always using the rivers. The Russians found what they needed on the coasts of the Aleutian Chain, southern Alaska, and southwards again to what is now British Columbia. They did not go far inland. Sea otters and fur seals in immense numbers gave them furs without entering the truly forbidding land one contemplates from the sea.

Alaska was a long way from European Russia, and the monopolists found it difficult both to keep any check on their officers and to provision them with stores and tools. It was not until Alexander Baranov



Caribou in Alaska, where it is wild: the domesticated animal, in the Old World, is the reindeer

gained complete control in Alaska in the latter years of the eighteenth century that Russian America crystallised. The history of this extraordinary man should be better known, for British sailors had a good deal to do with him and much respected him. Baranov was of humble origin but of enquiring mind. His patience was immense, and so was his capacity to imbibe liquor, but always he kept his own counsel and never wavered from his determination to establish Russian America.



Alaskan moose feeding on birch-bark

Gradually he moved his capital eastwards, from the Aleutian Chain to the large island of Kodiak, and finally to Sitka, despite fire and massacre of his first settlement there. It has been said that, between 1806 and 1820, Sitka was the most cosmopolitan town west of the Mississippi and north of Mexico City.

Baranov was just, incredibly brave, and determined. Yet he was given to conviviality as a means of ruling. He would start the singing and dancing in the evenings; his men could each have one Aleut girl but not more, and he was stern with promiscuous types. The Russian Orthodox Church was a constant thorn in his side and most unfair to him, yet he finally overcame all obstacles and was made the Tsar's Governor in Alaska. He never got back to Russia, as he had always hoped to do. It was Baranov alone who held Russian America together. After him came gradual disintegration leading to the sale in 1867. All that remains today of Russian rule are a few place-names, a few Russian-speaking communities with a fair percentage of Russian blood, and some fine architectural relics in the shape of Russian Orthodox churches, turnip-domed and still in use. The Russians tamed the Aleuts, but not the Indians, and the Eskimos of western and northern Alaska were almost untouched. Russia's coastal exploitation of Alaska had been fairly heavy, and when the United States began to take an interest in their new and much-criticised purchase, the style of attack turned to penetration on the one hand and to whaling in the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean on the other. The Eskimo, who had lived in this hardest of all human environments for over 2,000 years, now came up against unashamedly exploitative white men.

A hunting, food-gathering society can persist even in tundras and deserts, but as soon as you begin to export what you hunt and buffer the hard environment by certain artefacts brought in to make the venture more efficient, the habitat as a whole is in danger. This happened in parts of Alaska, and set in train a number of problems that were the

reason for my being invited recently to the Territory. As a commercial venture the American whaling lasted little more than thirty years; sea otters came near to extinction and the fur seals were greatly reduced. The coastwise Eskimos were brought almost to starvation. Not only had the animals of the sea and the sea's edge been mercilessly exploited, but the caribou from the coastal ranges had moved away, possibly under hunting pressure.

The prospectors who had been searching in the hinterland struck gold in a big way in the eighteen-nineties and in 1900, and this brought both good men and the scum of the world into Alaska. These transient immigrants lived on caribou and moose meat killed by professional hunters. Now, caribou are extinct in southern Alaska and the vast herds of the Yukon-Tanana Basin are reduced to perhaps 20,000. It has been generally accepted that excessive hunting was responsible for this collapse of the caribou in the southern two-thirds of Alaska. My colleague and I do not quite hold with this opinion. We flew 10,000 miles in the Territory, and the small aircraft is one of the best tools the ecologist has when he has learned how to interpret ground cover from the air. We also

walked a good many miles in out-of-the-way places when the aircraft had set us down on gravel bars in rivers, on beaches, and on lakes. It soon became apparent to us that immense areas of Alaska had been burned within the last

Fire is natural almost everywhere except in a tropical rain forest, and it is a necessary part of nature's vast circulation of energy. But it does not happen often in such a cold country as Alaska. Wherever the white man goes, however, as an exploiter of natural resources, he is careless about fire, and the plain fact is that too much of Alaska has burned too often. The main ecological influence of fire is to set back the course of vegetational succession. What was spruce forest starts again as birch, willow, and aspen scrub, with their accompanying herbaceous ground cover. The great lichen carpets in thin spruce-forest areas may take fifty to 100 years to regenerate, or even 300. You might say that surely the treeless tundra does not burn. That depends. When prospectors found gold on the beach at Nome and began that fevered rush which Rex Beach has recorded in his novels they came to a terrain of dense, lichen-covered tundra. The lichen gets tinder-dry, and fire roars away with it. Great areas of the Seward peninsula opposite Siberia did burn.

And then what happens? I got the true thrill of discovery in this extreme western tundra of Alaska: how well I knew the influences of too

much fire on various complexes of vegetation, how desert or an impoverished habitat was the result! But here was something new: the lichen carpet had depressed the arctic shrubs and herbaceous plants such as willow, crowberry, blueberry, dwarf birch, and cotton sedge. Removal of the lichen layer has let these plants come back in strength and now there are vast areas of luxuriant tundra range which it would be simply impossible to burn. Wonderful, you might say; but remember the temperature in winter. All that luxuriance is summer growth and useless to caribou in winter. The lichen is their winter standby, and if it is no longer there a country of winter temperatures far below zero will not hold caribou.

Now for another closely interlocking set of events. The plight of the Eskimos of western Alaska in the 'eighties of last century spurred to action Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a missionary and United States Agent for Education. He conceived the idea of replacing the depleted animals of the coasts and seas in the economy of the Eskimo by reindeer which would subsist on the landward ranges. Reindeer are the Old World, domesticated animals which are called caribou in the New, where they are wild. Sheldon's vision and pertinacity were responsible for the importation to the Seward Peninsula of 1,280 reindeer from Siberia between 1891 and 1902. Lapp herders came from Scandinavia and the whole project was carefully ordered. Only surplus males were killed for meat, never the females so long as they were productive. The deer came on to those dense lichen ranges I have mentioned and the venture was a tremendous success. Here are the figures: 1892, only 143 deer; 1900, 2,700; 1910, 27,000; 1920, 180,000; 1930, 500,000; 1932, 625,000. It was the very success of the reindeer experiment which bore the seeds of its failure. The figures continue: 1936, 590,000; 1940, 252,000; 1950, only 25,000. The great reindeer herds had crashed.

When a catastrophe of that order comes along, mankind has a habit of fixing on any reason but the right one. We have to hunt for a scapegoat. The wolf, which carries such a great burden of human wrongheadedness, was blamed here: the wolf, poaching, and the Eskimo's disinclination to herd reindeer as they should be managed. In our investigation, we found the curve of increase and fall was just the same in some island herds where there were neither wolves nor poachers. The primary reason for the reindeer crash was that the animals ate themselves out of house and home. The United States had had a reindeer research station going during the course of the experiment, and much of what we know about tundra range and reindeer ranching we owe to careful investigation by L. J. Palmer. Palmer never quite caught up with his own findings, or, to put it another way, there was too great

a lag between the truth he found and its application in the herds which had now grown beyond the possible effective care of the limited man-power, Eskimo or white. The reindeer ate off the lichen cover at a much faster rate than it regenerated, and this overstocking of the ranges had exactly the same effect as the tundra fires, of letting grow the arctic shrubby and herbaceous growth. Western coastal Alaska is a vast summer range now, which will carry in winter but a small fraction of the numbers held during the days of the lichen. If you go to 20,000 feet in an aircraft and look down on that west coast, you can see those grazed-out reindeer ranges with remarkable clarity.

I have been describing the influence of man on the vegetation of two-thirds of Alaska and the consequences on those dependent animals, the caribou and the reindeer. But there are other consequences. The caribou and reindeer are animals of that climax state of vegetation, lichen on tundra or in spruce forest. They are part of that climax. If you knock back the cycle of vegetational succession to some state far below the climax, you will find animals associated with that less developed stage. There always are such animals, species finding niches not occupied by others. The moose, or elk as it is called in Europe, is the deer of swampy northern forest or taiga. Its favourite food is willow, and then birch or aspen browse. So if we burn climax spruce forest and its lichen carpet, willow aspen and birch will come in,

and we can expect moose to increase. The Alaskan moose, the biggest deer in the world, four or five times as heavy as a caribou, has indeed increased and spread far beyond the limits of sixty years ago. The animal is an important factor nowadays in the Alaskan meat supply, but its hunting is very carefully controlled and there is no fear of its

The moose has an extraordinarily long digestive tract which enables it to deal with this willow-birch-aspen browse more efficiently than any other animal. You can see that meat production by way of the moose is bound up with the continuance of secondary forest growth, a delicately adjusted biological complex in which the micro-organisms of the soil play an important part. If, as in parts of southern Alaska, men decide they are going to be farmers, and bulldoze the forest away. the micro-organisms are upset, and man finds he has to use a good deal of nitrogenous fertiliser to get passable crops. Nitrogen in Alaska costs from 1s. 9d. to 2s. a pound, and until it gets down to about 3d., domesticated cattle will not seriously challenge the moose as a converter of energy, the moose which has in effect replaced the caribou in many parts of sub-arctic Alaska. One other factor is concerned with this spread of willow browse and the moose, namely a contemporary warming of the country. Glaciers are receding each year, and some fishes, such as the tunny, are coming farther into Alaskan waters. A similar phenomenon is discernible in Scandinavia. How long it will last, we do not know, but its significance is apparent now.



Simon Panyak, 'one of the last of the world's meat-fed savages' and 'an outstanding man by any criterion Dr. Robert Rausch, Arctic Health Research Centre, Alaska

I have not referred yet to arctic Alaska, that third of the country which even so is twice as big as Britain. The total human population is but a few thousands and Eskimos and Kutchin Indians outnumber white men by twelve to one. An extremely rough range of mountains, the Brooks Range, runs east and west across arctic Alaska, the southern side of them ranging to the Yukon River, carrying light forest and lichen ranges, and on the north side descending first to a great belt of country much like Salisbury Plain and finally to the low, lake-littered country along the Arctic Ocean. The arctic coastal Eskimos hunt the caribou when some of these deer migrate to the Arctic Ocean in summer. But there lives in the Brooks Range a group of interior Eskimos called the Nunamiut, who are dependent on the caribou for their existence. There are only sixty-five of them, living a nomadic life close to the wild caribou, from which they get meat, tents, sleeping bags, clothes, sinews, tool handles, sledge runners, and so on. These Eskimos are the healthiest in Alaska, quite free from tuberculosis.

An Outstanding Man

I met Simon Panyak, who is more or less their head man. He was not very tall, though he seemed so. He had a great head which you could call noble without hyperbole; his neck was a column of perfect proportions, immense in its expression of strength, a mighty avenue of the power passing between head and body. Simon was an outstanding man by any criterion of the whole man. For a few days I was privileged to hobnob with one of the last of the world's meat-fed savages. My admiration of the potato and all it stands for wanes, the older and more disillusioned Î grow. Despite the number of caribou that wolves and Simon Panyak's people are eating, my colleague and I came to the conclusion that there were more caribou in arctic Alaska than there were fifty years ago, and that far from taking steps to kill wolves in the arctic or restraining the Nunamiut from living entirely on caribou, they should be left alone. If the arctic caribou were to increase unduly they would overgraze their range, which in that climate would take an unforeseeable time to regenerate. The caribou themselves would crash, and there is some indication that really small groups of caribou would not survive, for they are an intensely gregarious species, and truly the Ishmaels of the animal world, constantly on the move.

To tie up this story of deer and men, let us come back to the Eskimos of the Bering Straits region, and you will ask me why they cannot live as well and healthily from the reindeer as do the Nunamiut on their wild caribou. Why not, indeed? That is the problem. We have to look into the Eskimo's social psychology, and perhaps Uncle Sam's as well. The Eskimo has never been able to live in large aggregations, though he is intensely sociable. But reindeer herding means that the men have to be out on the range for long periods, away from their families, and this is no life at all for an Eskimo. I flew to an isolated reindeer camp one day where five Eskimo men had scarcily a smile among the lot of them: a contradiction in itself, for Eskimos are jolly, happy people. One of them asked me how his sister was; of course I did not know, and I could see his disappointment. If Eskimos are to herd reindeer, the social quality of such a pastoralism must be as complete and satisfying as it has been to the Lapp. With western civilisation surging alongside, can it ever be so? Even the Lapp is finding that a problem.

Reindeer, in providing meat, should give the Eskimo the high protein and fat diet he needs if he is to withstand tuberculosis. The more reindeer the Eskimos eat, the better. But reindeer are domesticated, are valued in dollars, and you think twice about eating money. No white man can own reindeer now, and the system is for the Alaska Native Service to loan 500 deer to an Eskimo for five years. At that time he pays back the loan in deer and keeps the increase. The Eskimo feels his responsibility heavily, and he and his family do not eat enough reindeer. All is not right with him, and an Eskimo must be happy. He of all men has learned how to live from land and sea in the most severe cold climate. Starvation and sudden death were always just around the corner for him. But he still smiles. As I see it, he has achieved this state by living in and for the present, not looking more than a month or two ahead. If he thought much about the future he would become neurotic. Living for the present is a definite adaptation to an extreme and fickle environment.

Mobility has been a large part of the Eskimo's life, and his wonderful technological achievements have been disciplined by mobility: the kayak, the sledge, the dog harness, and so on; everything he makes is light in weight and must not encumber his hands. Actual material wealth beyond what you can travel with is an encumbrance. Personal

gadgets must hang on the belt easily. The only value of material wealth not immediately needed is its prestige value in being given away. He who can give away fish, sealskins, and furs is the successful hunter and therefore worthy of great respect. But to accumulate material wealth around you in an environment demanding mobility is nonsense. The white man's technology has enabled him to buffer his environment and build a permanent home, allowing him to amass material wealth, to convert it, and enjoy it in a hundred different ways. The Eskimo has not got around to that. There was an Eskimo with 4,000 reindeer, and while he went back to Kotzebue for a week or two of intense sociability his young helpers lost 3,000 deer in a stampede. 'A crippling blow' is the cliché the white man uses for this kind of happening, but the Eskimo saw it as the best joke of his life, and he still repeats it with gusto. The 1,000 deer remaining were still far more than he could eat or use in foreseeable time. He was crippled no more.

It is the extreme of an old story: how is a hunting, food-gathering culture newly emerged from the Stone Age to take its place in the modern world? The Eskimo of the north has happily no sense of inferiority, and the fact that the white man, realising the Eskimo's astonishing facility with machinery, will make him foreman in charge of a large outfit of heavy equipment shows there is a readiness to work out a destiny hand-in-hand in Alaska. Paradox will be resolved when the minds of Eskimo and Uncle Sam think alike as their hands can already work alike. It will mean change for both of them. The changes which human behaviour has brought about on the vegetation of Alaska and on the kinds of animals that subsist upon it have now come back as challenges to man himself. Alaska is taking the matter of her destiny seriously, thinking in terms of conservation. The get-rich-quick guys are still there, of course, but fortunately they do not count any more.

-Third Programme

Spring Tide

The painter's pigments seem exactly matched; Precisely true the violins are strung; But verse comes from a more empiric tongue, Ambiguous on the page its signs are scratched.

Its herbs composed to some correct infusion The cauldron boils or the fire goes out Unless a special discipline of doubt Controls the winds of all the world's allusion.

For it is rich, too rich. It lays before us Too lavish and too subtle images. —How shall such dazzled, fragmentary art

Halt its harmonics to a moment's chorus Evoking none but natural purposes Carved clear within the limits of a heart?

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Sleepless Night

Obey the love of place, it says, and wait, but late, for summers in the morning, noon, and night, and let the colours grow of life, recording hours that pass so soon.

And pluck from each day peace. Be wise and choose no action, seek denial, wait, but late, for summers which will always come. And be the ward of poverty whose state

seeks out the clouds and ends of lanes, the trees in bloom, their dust, the cry of trains at night, the resolution of past woe. But keep the snare of distant worlds in sight...

DWIGHT SMITH

NEWS DIARY

October 28-November 3

Wednesday, October 28

Commons debate Anglo-American decision on Trieste

President Eisenhower makes statement at press conference on high-level talks with

Minister of Food announces plans to end rationing of butter and fats by next autumn

Thursday, October 29

The two Houses of Parliament are prorogued Foreign currency allowance for tourists to be raised to £50

Kenya seeks financial aid from United Kingdom to fight Mau Mau

Security Council questions Chief of U.N. Armistice Commission in Palestine

Friday, October 30

M. Bidault, French Foreign Minister, tells French Upper House that negotiations should result in a treaty between Britain and the European Defence Community

The United States asks U.N. Assembly to examine atrocities committed by Chinese and North Korean forces against allied prisoners

Saturday, October 31

Persian Foreign Minister welcomes Mr. Eden's recent statement that Britain is ready to resume diplomatic relations

At Panmunjom North Korean prisoners of war, who have been unwilling to go home, hear communist explanations for the first time

Wage claim by petrol and oil workers to go to arbitration

Sunday, November 1

Only twenty-one out of 459 North Korean prisoners who heard explanations from communist officers choose to go home

President Tito says that Yugoslavia is ready to make 'still further sacrifices' cause of peace. Italian Prime Minister states that Italy will take part in a conference on Trieste provided that she is given equal status with Yugoslavia,

Flooding interferes with traffic in southern England

Monday, November 2

Constituent Assembly in Karachi votes that the country shall be called the Islamic Republic of Pakistan

Over 225,000 permanent houses built in Britain so far this year

Secretary of U.S. Air Force visits bases in Spain

Tuesday, November 3

H.M. the Queen opens Parliament. In the Queen's Speech the Government announces legislation for leasehold reform

U.N. General Assembly to discuss alleged communist atrocities in North Korea

White Paper on rent proposals published



On October 28 the Queen and the Duke of Bamburgh visited the B.B.C.'s television studios at Lime Grove, where they watched a play and a variety programme. This photograph shows the artists who took part in the programme being presented to Her Majesty and to the Duke





Two winners of the Nobel Peace Prize: General George Marshall, former American Secretary of State and originator of Marshall Aid, who receives this year's award; and Dr. Albert Schweitzer, philosopher, theologian, and medical missionary, who receives the award for 1952





Queen October

A twenty-four-foot memorial came October 23 by the widow of the Reuter (former Lord Mayor) in Germans still held by the Russian the end of the ye

Left: some of the porcelain trea Collection at the Victoria and on view again after an interval



he Queen Mother received the Freedom of the City of London at Guildhall on Tajesty is seen during the ceremony, replying to the speech of the City Chamberlain after he had presented her with a copy of the Freedom



The following day, October 29, the Queen Mother visited Tonbridge School, Kent, on the occasion of its 400th anniversary. She is seen with some of the pupils, posing for photographs. Behind Her Majesty is the Rev. L. H. Waddy, the headmaster. On her arrival she inspected a guard of honour mounted by the school cadets



A Cromwell tank leaping a distance of thirty feet after jumping a three-foot concrete ramp during a demonstration of obstacle-crossing by tanks at the Royal Armoured Corps centre at Bovington, Dorset, last week



'La Vieille au Chapelet' by Cezanne, which has been bought by the National Gallery



British Friesian cow 'Smallburgh Brenda', supreme champion of the Dairy Show at Olympia, London



A pair of Roman leather trunks recently discovered during excavations in Queen Victoria Street, London



Two entrants in the London to Brighton veteran car run on Sunday, crossing Westminster Bridge. A record number (169 cars) entered for the run. A 1903 Lanchester, driven by Mr. Hutton-Stott of Newbury, Berkshire, was the first to arrive at Brighton

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Berlin on err Ernst

ration of

The Christian Hope and Its Rivals

By JOHN BAILLIE

VERYBODY today thinks of hope as a good thing, as something of which it would be dreadful to be entirely bereft. To have nothing to look forward to—that, we think, is indeed a miserable condition. But we do not always realise how much this way of thinking is a result of the Christian tradition in which we have been brought up. In most pagan cultures hope has tended to be looked upon rather as an evil. Within the religions of India, for instance, hope is regarded as the great deceiver, a thing to be discouraged and overcome; or, if any hope at all is allowed, it is for nirvana, which is the extinction of all personal existence.

The same was true of the ancient Mediterranean world into which Christianity first came. The Greeks and Romans thought of hope mainly as an ignis fatuus, a will-o'-the-wisp that led men astray; and the secret of wisdom was to have rid oneself completely of both hopes and fears. In this respect there is a remarkable similarity between the Buddhist scriptures and the literature of Stoicism which was the prevailing philosophy in that Gentile world to which St. Paul preached. How surprised that world must have been, then, to hear the Apostle speaking of hope as a virtue and a duty, ranking it together with faith and love as one of the three principal Christian graces. Dean Inge once wrote that 'Hope as a moral quality is a Christian invention'—and that, I think, is no more than the truth.

Inheritance from the Old Testament

It was from the religion of the Old Testament that Christianity inherited this good hope, this expectant outlook on future time. Throughout the Old Testament the future tense is strongly in evidence. A well-known historian has written that 'the history of Israel is the history of a hope'—and that again is no more than the truth. What the prophets prophesy is the coming of a new era, an age of righteousness, justice, peace, when all wrongs will be redressed and 'the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea'. When, however, we pass from the Old Testament to the New, two things are at once apparent. The first is the belief that the prophecies have now been fulfilled. The decisive hour has come. The promised kingdom of God is at hand and is even now breaking in upon the world. The promised Messiah and Saviour has now appeared in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. As Jesus Himself said to His disciples, 'Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not heard them'.

But the second is this: that the note of hope, instead of being superseded, appears more prominently than ever. It is now realised that with the advent, cross, and resurrection of Christ, the crisis of history has been reached and the essential victory won. Nevertheless the final fruits of that victory can never be enjoyed in this present life, under temporal conditions or within the limitations of earthly history. As Dr. Oscar Cullmann has expressed it, in a fine figure which has often been quoted, the New Testament writers feel themselves to be living, as it were, 'in the interval between the decisive battle and Victory Day', and 'the hope of final victory is all the more intense because the battle which decides it has now been fought'. As one New Testament writer has it, 'We have been born afresh into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead'. This constant balancing of the two notes of fulfilment and of eager expectation—'The time is coming, and now is ... '-may seem paradoxical. But it is a paradox that must be maintained. It is not of our making, but is rather of the essence of the situation in which we find ourselves placed. It is indeed the very sum and substance of Christian wisdom.

There is no doubt that this hopefulness of the Christian outlook has exercised a determinative influence on the whole thought of the western world during the last 2,000 years, marking it off from all that preceded it. Nobody else, except the Biblical writers and those who in one way or another have been influenced by them, has ever expected better things of the future than have been experienced in the past. But what has happened increasingly in the western world since about the end of the

seventeenth century is that in many quarters this Christian hope has been secularised. This means two things. First, that while the new age of which the New Testament speaks is one which will be brought about by God's own actions, in God's own good time, and as the fulfilment of His own promises, modern western man has rather dreamed of a better future which will be the result of human planning, human effort. Second, it means that modern man has largely lost the New Testament sense of the essential limitations of our temporal existence, and has accordingly dreamed of a blessedness that can be realised within the confines of terrestrial history. He has not so much abolished heaven—he has still been too much under the influence of Christian ideas to do that; but he has transferred it to this common earth.

The most general form taken by this new outlook is the belief in progress: the belief that each succeeding generation of men is likely to be wiser and more virtuous than the last, so that human society is all the time moving towards a final reign of justice and peace and felicity. Sometimes it has been believed that such progress is inevitable, grounded in the very nature of things, so that 'a law of progress' has been spoken of; while at other times it has been regarded as dependent on the extent to which men are wise enough to avail themselves of it. Some, again, have conceived it as proceeding by a slow and steady growth, extending into an indefinite future; while others have talked rather of a revolution which would make a clean break with the past and bring in the ideal order of society without further delay.

What are the principal forms assumed by this secularist optimism in our own generation? One very dominant form is that of scientific humanism—the widespread confidence that through the resources of science and technology we shall be able, not only to mitigate and perhaps altogether remove the various ills that flesh is heir to, but also to create a social order and a way of life that will satisfy every deepest need of the human soul. Another dominant form is that of Marxist communism. Tracing our fundamental human malaise to economic causes, to the unequal distribution of worldly goods, and to the exploitation of the 'have nots' by the 'haves', and of the workers by the capitalists, the communists hope for a new and ideal order of society that can be brought about very quickly by means of a final class struggle, in which the oppressed will vanquish their oppressors for good and all and put an end to all oppression for evermore. In this way it is believed that all the legitimate hopes of mankind will be fulfilled, all its long-standing troubles overcome, and its deepest desires fully satisfied.

But having said this about communism, it is perhaps only fair to mention still a third form of secular optimism which is not unrepresented among us, and which has been called democratic humanism. Some of those who are most critical of the naivety of communist utopianism are themselves just as naive, and just as intemperate, in their reliance upon the spread of democratic institutions to bring about by themselves the good life and something like a kingdom of heaven upon earth.

Lessons from Other Traditions

All these modern varieties of hope have grown up within a culture that was traditionally Christian; nor would it be easy to think of them as growing up anywhere else. Each of them has therefore some affinity with the Christian hope, and something within it with which all Christians must be in sympathy. And not only so, but I would say also that each holds within it some new grasp of truth from which Christians have much to learn. Karl Marx had certainly something to teach us that was both new and true. Modern science has vastly transformed our human outlook over against that of earlier Christian ages. And the principles of democracy represent a notable advance on the political outlook of these same ages. What is necessary is to disengage these valuable advances in insight from the perversities and illusions with which they have been accompanied, and from the exaggerated and intemperate claims which have so often been made for them. Only thus can the true Christian hope be made to shine once more in its true light.

It would appear, however, that in the minds of many of our contemporaries these modern optimisms are already being overtaken by

disillusionment. The doctrine of progress, which held the minds of so many of the leading intellectuals of last century, has now fallen on evil days, and an increasing number of our own intellectuals are concerned altogether to deflate it. Also, as regards each of the particular optimisms of which I have spoken, it is true that there are many signs of disillusionment. This is partly an inevitable reaction deriving from a closer and more critical scrutiny of the original intellectual presuppositions. But the change has undoubtedly been accelerated by the world-shaking events of our time, by the impact of two world wars and the fear of a third; and above all by the extinction of hope in the hearts of multitudes of refugees, displaced persons, victims of oppression, and victims also of famine in so many different parts of the world—men and women who must look on any form of optimism as nothing but a cruel mockery. Perhaps, indeed, there are more hopeless people in the world of today than there are people who cherish false and illusory hopes. And perhaps

we Christians should be more concerned to think how we can communicate and commend our Christian hope to the former than how we can make it seem reasonable to the latter.

In August of next year the World Council of Churches plans to hold its second great Assembly in Evanston, Illinois. Delegates from some 160 churches will gather together from all parts of the world to consider some of the problems that are common to them all. It has been decided that what is called the main theme of the Assembly will be 'Jesus Christ, the Hope of the World'. Don't you think it has been well chosen? Is it not true that no aspect of our Christian faith deserves more careful thought than this one at the present time? Will you not pray that the delegates to Evanston may be enabled so to present our Christian hope that the true meaning and burden of it may be effectively understood by a world that is now so uncertainly poised between hopelessness and false hopes.—Home Service

Theodor Mommsen: A Great German Historian

(continued from page 764)

Bismarck. But this led him not so much to extend this suspicion to ancient Romans such as Augustus, but rather to idealise them as models of all that Bismarck did not stand for. However, when all is said, Mommsen's clear isolation and definition of the basic Roman ideas has stood the test of time. It is still to Mommsen more than any other single person that we owe our knowledge of Roman government.

Roman Public Law, and later legal works such as Roman Criminal Law, kept him busy for years-so busy that he no longer had much time for political fanaticism. But in any case after 1870 he was in a new mood. 'Earlier', he said, 'the Government had had good reason to attend to politics; but scholarship has been lost sight of during the past decade, and now is the time for it'. So were people now going to see the Roman History rewritten on more scholarly and less sensational lines? No, matters did not go as far as that-to alter it, he said, would be to spoil it as a composition; the time for these grand surveys was youth. But the fact was that circumstances had changed, and Mommsen's views had changed with them. The years 1866 and 1870 were turning-points. About Austria, Mommsen actually calls himself the equivalent of a 'little Englander', a Kleindeutscher; and as for France, there is no more virulence, but he says 'we have extirpated from ourselves the last trace of French thoughts and words and actions'. So now was the time for consolidation: even Bismarck himself called Germany, for the moment, a 'satiated' power.

But what Bismarck now did was to lash out inside the country; he

But what Bismarck now did was to lash out inside the country; he launched his Kulturkampf against the minority groups, the Catholics and Socialists, and minority races including the Jews. Mommsen, on the other hand, had grown out of his tendency to bully small groups, and now he took a firmly liberal stand. In 1879 and 1880 he was abusing the people's 'decadent and immoderate' cult of Bismarck, and even saying that 'the German metal, to take its form, needs a certain percentage of Israel'. Bismarck's commercial policy was a 'Schwindelpolitik'. This sort of thing soon led to Mommsen being haled before the law-courts, but he was acquitted. The Iron Chancellor observed that it was possible to have too much studying of ancient times; whereas Mommsen asserted that-Bismarck was not sailing any more with the full sails of history—national unity implied and needed national liberty. And later he remarked privately that the weather was so bad that surely the minister advising the Lord God must be Bismarck

Mommsen became more and more Liberal. Germany became less and less Liberal. The Emperor Frederick, if he had lived, might have satisfied him, but his son, the rising star, the future Wilhelm II, 'does not', it was said, 'like seeing his father associating with Mommsen'. The Liberals were divided by a vast gulf from the reactionary, feudal, expansionist policy of the young Kaiser Wilhelm—it was too much even for Treitschke. And incidentally the new Emperor's passionate dislike for scholarship included a special hatred of the classics. So Mommsen's old age was depressed and gloomy. He talked now of his fifty years of international co-operation, and though he was not sure if those Social Democrats were on the right track, he became a firm critic of servility and absolutism. In the year before his death, when he was awarded the Nobel Prize, this venerable and

formidable little man silenced the applause: 'This is no time for clapping', he said—'Klatschen sie nicht, meine Herren—the times are too grim'.

In November 1903, he died, leaving behind him the widow of a happy marriage and twelve out of sixteen children, whom, according to a story, he had found some difficulty in identifying. One of his six daughters had married the great Greek scholar Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, whose published letters to and from his father-in-law are an impressive tribute to a long relationship. But in his obituary address, Wilamowitz made a mistake. 'It is a fine thing', he says, 'that this man is completely what he was called to be, what he wants to be'.

But alas, in 1948, when Mommsen had been dead for forty-five years, the world saw a new clause of his will—its publication had been postponed for thirty years by his wish, and then for another fifteen years because of what he had said in it. He had said that he regarded his career as a failure. 'In my life', he says, 'in spite of my external successes, I have failed': 'Ich habe nicht das Rechte erreicht'. Long ago he had said he felt no need for modesty: now he records the surprising conviction of inadequacy as a historian and philologist. He adds that in his deepest and best self he was really not academic at all. He wanted to be a citizen, to play his part in the state. 'That is not possible', he says posthumously, 'in our nation'—and then confesses to a lack of respect for his own compatriots, among whom the individual, even the best, does not step out of the ranks and out of irrational enthusiasms, political Fetischismus.

It is a grim judgment, and a sad self-written epitaph on an extraordinary career—the epitaph of an unequalled though apparently reluctant scholar, but of a man whose ideas about his own times had been capable of leading, and may indeed have led, many people along highly irrational paths: and they were the paths which his people chose to follow, but he recovered himself and, too late, saw the distance between him and them widening into a gulf.—Third Programme

The Somerset Maugham award for 1954 will be given to a British subject by birth who is ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom or Northern Ireland and who is under the age of thirty-five at the end of this year, by which date work must be submitted. Poetry, fiction, criticism, biography, history, philosophy, belles-lettres, travel books are all eligible. The work submitted may have been published in any previous year: it is not necessary for it to have appeared in 1953. The award is given on the strength of the promise of a published work. The amount of the award is about £400. The winner is required to use the money for a period or periods of foreign travel, not less than three months in all. It was Mr. Maugham's intention, in establishing the award, that young writers should be able to enrich their writing by experience in foreign countries. Books submitted should be sent to the Society of Authors, 84 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10. Only one published work should be submitted by each candidate. Stamps for return postage must be enclosed, together with a statement of the author's age and place of birth and a list of any other published works. Candidates may be required to present themselves for an interview with a board of judges. The judges for 1954 are Rosamond Lehmann, Walter Allen, and Alan Ross.



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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

What Trieste Means to Italy

Sir,—I have read with interest Mr. Hubert Butler's letter published in The LISTENER of October 22. I am grateful for his admission that most of what I said in my talk was true; but as this implies that the rest was not true, if you allow me to do so, I would like to make a few remarks on two or three points raised by him.

I thank Mr. Butler for his lecture on Mazzini, but I cannot see why the undisputed fact, quoted by him, that Mazzini 'felt respect for the Slavonian people' and hoped that the disintegration of the Austrian Empire would bring forth, together with the achievement of Italian unity, the establishment of an independent Slav nation, should be taken as an indication that he would not support today the Italian claims over Trieste. Nationality was Mazzini's creed; but what was nationality to him? Not race ('there is not a single spot in Europe', he wrote, 'where an unmixed race can be detached') nor geographical features, language, literature, customs, and tradition. All these were secondary elements; the essence of nationality was 'the will to be a nation. 'Nationality can be founded only for and upon and by the people'. It seems to me that the present Italian policy over Trieste is not inconsistent with Mazzini's principle that nationality rests on self-determination. Mr. Butler writes that Trieste is as Italian as Dublin is English. I wonder what would happen in Dublin if a referendum were held on whether Eire should be reincorporated into the United Kingdom. I do not think any British Government would set its hopes on it. The Italian Government and people are quite ready to have a referendum for the whole of the Free Territory, including the part which Mr. Butler says has been for centuries predominantly Slav; and are also ready, in order to meet the Yugoslav argument about denationalisation carried out by the fascists, to have only those Triestini voting who were born in the Free Territory prior to

Mr. Butler argues that the Triestini are a Mischvolk, neither Slav nor Latin, nor German, and that what they really want is to be left alone and to set up a Julian free state. But how is it, then, that in the local elections held at Trieste in May 1952 under General Winterton's impartial supervision, the Independentist front got only twenty-two per cent. of the votes (most of them from people who feared they would lose the job they held under the Allied administration) while the parties favouring reunion with Italy

won an overwhelming majority? As to the Italian bones aching about Fiume, Pola, and the Dalmatian towns, if this means that we feel sorry for the Italian minorities who, as a consequence of the Italian peace treaty, have the double misfortune of living under an alien rule and a totalitarian regime, I cannot see anything dishonourable in it. But if Mr. Butler is hinting that Italy is entertaining sinister designs on those towns then I will ask him whether, apart from Maria Pasquinelli, who may be considered a martyr by some fascist fool, but whom an Italian court has tried, sentenced, and sent to prison, Italy's post-war record is such as to justify the charge of nationalism and imperialism? It seems to me that Italy has been second to none in fostering international co-operation and supporting all schemes of European and

western integration, showing herself ready to renounce national sovereignty to an extent to-which Britain is certainly not ready to go. The frescoes of Croatian towns preserved in that ancient seat of Italian culture which is the University of Padua are a testimony to the civilising influence of the Republic of Venice in the Adriatic and are no more a threat to Yugoslavia than the trophies of Trafalgar you proudly keep are to France, or the Koh-i-noor in the British crown is to India.

As to Mr. Butler's remark that to attend too deferentially on what people feel in their bones would make a mess of world affairs I quite agree with him. The only justification I can offer on this point is that, the argument having been first used by a British Foreign Secretary to justify a British foreign policy decision, I thought that it might carry some weight with a British audience.—Yours, etc.,

Milan Giorgio Borsa

The Case for the United Nations

Sir,—Mr. Douglas Robinson in his letter (THE LISTENER, October 29) appears dismayed that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has done so little at United Nations level to implement and further the cause of the as yet non-existent 'rule of law in international affairs' which he so sincerely supports. But in this Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is not alone.

The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden went much further when he said in the House:

I have thought much on this question of atomic energy since that bomb burst on Hiroshima and for the life of me I have been unable to see and am still unable to see any final solution which will make the world safe for atomic power save that we all abate our present ideas of sovereignty. We have somehow got to take the sting out of nationalism. We cannot hope to do so at once, but we ought to start working for it now, and that, I submit, should be the first duty of U.N. We should make up our minds where we want to go. In this respect I know where I want to go, I want to get a world in which relations between nations can be transformed as the relations between this country and Scotland and Wales have been transformed.

—meaning that they rid themselves of their incessant border wars by establishing Common Law and a common Government.

Sir Winston Churchill was even more explicit in stating:

What hope can there be for the future of the world unless there is some form of world government which can make its effort to prevent the renewal of the awful struggles through which we have passed?

There can be only one reasonable explanation why these leaders have as yet done so little in the U.N. to implement these high-minded and sincere convictions: statesmen, of whatever party or country, dare not go too far ahead of public opinion. And on this subject they must remember the tragic example of Woodrow Wilson, who helped to found the League of Nations without having prepared United States' opinion for so forward a step—with dire consequences to his own party, the League, and the whole world.

On such a vital issue as the delegation of sovereign powers to an 'international rule of Law' any Government in a real democracy requires a clear mandate from public opinion. Public opinion, Sir, consists of Mr. Robinson, myself, and millions of ordinary citizens. If enough of us broadcast unequivocally that we should back H.M. Government to the hilt if they were to propose U.N. Charter revision in the direction of their above-quoted statements, we should probably find our leaders most attentive 'listeners' with remarkably good reception—and then they might implement what they have said.

Nottingham

Yours, etc., E. L. LOEWENTHAL

Sir,—May I be allowed to point out a fallacy which appears in the letter from Mr. Douglas Robinson, since this fallacy is in my opinion responsible for many unrealistic statements from prominent public figures from time to time?

I refer to the statement that 'nations still retain an important portion of their . . . decreasing sovereignty'. This statement suggests that sovereignty is something which can be whittled away by degrees, whereas, in fact, sovereignty is something which either is or is not at any particular time. The position at the moment is, of course, that there are over seventy sovereign nations in the world and this applies to every member of U.N., Nato, the Council of Europe, or any other international arrangement.

In order to give up sovereignty a nation would have to be prepared to become merged in a permanent union with other nations. In other words, a common constitution would have to be adopted by all the participating governments. Under these conditions sovereign political authority would then be exercised by the central governing authority of the new union; to which authority the participating nations may be said to have completely surrendered their sovereignty.

One has only to consider for a moment how unlikely it is that all the existing member states of the U.N. could agree upon a common constitution for the world, to realise that those who suggest charter revision is the way to world government are being completely unrealistic. It simply is not feasible to expect states which are now ruled by people with insular ideas or imperialistic ideas to consider seriously uniting their state with others which may be quite different in outlook and have conflicting demands concerning the nature of the world constitution to be adopted.

This is why a slower but surer path to world government seems to be indicated, namely, the adoption of a parliamentary form of world government as the aim of movements within the existing nations with a view to gaining the political backing of a political majority in two or more countries which can be united on the foundation of common principles. To this nucleus of united states we may hope that others will seek to attach themselves and thus build towards a world governed in a completely integrated way on parliamentary lines. During the time these developments are taking place the U.N. may be maintained as a point of contact between the sovereign states, but this is a very different matter from hoping to turn the U.N. into a world parliament by charter revision.

Dundee

Yours, etc.,
E. G. MACFARLANB,
Organising Secretary,
The World Parliament Party

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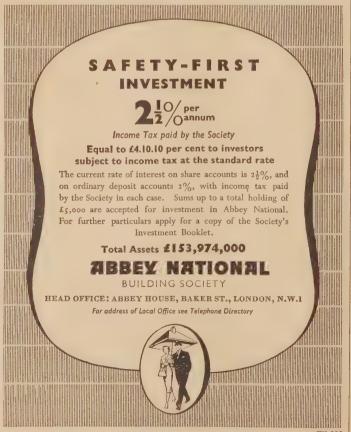


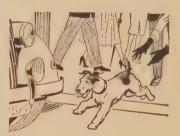
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The Ankara Pact

Sir,-Mr. Edgar P. Young (THE LISTENER, October 22) has referred to Miss Elisabeth Barker's book on Macedonia. As Miss Barker states on page 120, the 'Voice of Free Greece' radio station, located at the time almost certainly in Bucarest, appealed on March 1, 1949, for the union of Macedonia into a complete independent, and equal Macedonian nation'. When it was seen what damage was done by this broadcast, the Communists it is true made various attempts to retract or modify it, as Miss Barker explains, but the general intention remained clear throughout. It is, I suppose, possible to believe that the 'Voice of Free Greece', announcing from behind the Iron Curtain a major change of Communist policy in the Balkans, was merely the 'Voice of Free Greece', whatever that may have been, and not the voice of the Kremlin. But, as the Duke of Wellington said on a famous occasion, a man who will believe that will believe

Yours, etc., London, S.W.1 BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

Rome and Oxford

Sir,-Mr. Jordan, in his talk on Newman and Manning (THE LISTENER, October 29), casts a surely unjustified slur on two centuries of Anglicanism, in saying that the Church had, during these centuries, 'slept a deep sleep'.

These are strange words to use of the Church of the learned, devout, and argumentative Caroline divines, of the tremendous religious explosions and conflicts between Church and Puritans, in which most of the laity took impassioned sides, the church of Laud, Donne, Cosin, Jeremy Taylor, Vaughan, Trahearne, Little Gidding and its many imitators, the Cambridge Platonists, the animated theological conferences at Great Tew, the passionate defence of the Prayer Book and the Eucharist against their attackers, the secret church services held by fervent Anglicans all over the country during the suppression, the devotion of the Non-Jurors, the piety of the groups of devout laymen and women guided by William Law and others in the eighteenth century, the private oratories ('full of crucifixes and images of saints', said the sarcastic Mrs. Delany), the wars of theological pamphlets which excited the public so greatly that shops in the City were shut and business stopped, the high sacramental doctrine taught, the evangelical piety, the Sunday Schools, the profound religious feeling of churchmen such as Dr. Johnson, the books of devotion running into many editions in a few years, such as Sacramental Devotions (1722), The Pious Country Parishioner (1732), and many others, all widely used, and mostly containing prayers and ceremonial directions now found only in our more advanced churches. Such books were used well into the nineteenth century; the practices of private confession, keeping of fasts, bowing to the altar, etc., never died out, though they were not widespread. If the first Tractarian pebble dropped with a splash'; it was a splash not new in quality, though greater in size and sound than the ripples of a stream of Anglican tradition which had never run dry.

As to the bibulous, toadying pre-Tractarian parsons, no doubt some tippled and some toadied, as in all ages and all churches; but contemporary abuse (like the much more frequent and gross abuse of the pre-Reformation clergy) has to be taken with salt. A more accurate picture can be seen in the journals, letters, and memoirs of our clerical ancestors of the first years of last century; or in the arduous account of 'A clergyman's working day' given in a poem by a parson in 1825. There were, presumably, pious and sober young clerics like Edmund Bertram, as well as toadies like Mr. Collins, gay rattles like Henry Tilney, and gluttons like Parson Woodforde. Possibly there are still.

Yours, etc., ROSE MACAULAY London, W.1

Sir,-Surely the Mannings were of a higher social position than the Newmans?

Mr. Robert Furneaux Jordan speaks of 'slightly bibulous parsons, toadying to their squires'. By the eighteen-twenties, the Evangelical movement had had a widespread effect on the clergy of the Established Church, and Woodfordes were getting rare.

Was not the remark 'no power on earth could keep him from a mitre' made of Cosmo Lang, not Manning?

Mr. Jordan says 'Balliol was ever the home of worldly success'. Not before the Mastership of Jowett, surely? The phrase is unkind, but one sees what is meant.

What does Mr. Jordan mean by saying 'Pius IX had, as the Council [on Papal Infallibility] opened in the Sistine Chapel, identified himself with Christ'? It is a crude and offensive statement.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.14 PAUL STANTON

Sir,—In his talk on 'Rome and Oxford: a Study in Environment' Mr. Jordan describes John Keble as saying: 'It would be a great gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion'

This statement was made by Newman himself in one of his sermons, and is quoted by him in the Apologia Pro Vita Sud (page 65, Everyman edition, 1949). It was Lytton Strachey who ascribed it to John Keble (Eminent Victorians, Chatto and Windus, page 16). He was surely in error.-Yours, etc.,

NEVILLE MASTERMAN

'Measure for Measure'

Sir,-Returning from a three weeks' visit to the Continent, I have been reading Mr. Crow's review in The LISTENER of October 8 of Miss Lascelles' Shakespeare's Measure for Measure.

A general editor of Shakespeare is a 'sitting bird' and we must not complain if he is shot at by all and sundry; while an edition which was begun in 1918 and still remains unfinished is probably easier meat than most. But you will perhaps allow me to remind your readers that Measure for Measure' to which Mr. Crow refers more than once was published as long ago as 1922, and that the theory of the text I then set forth in the Note on the Copy is of necessity now quite out of date, inasmuch as our knowledge of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatic documents, as well as of their printing, has made great strides during the last thirty years, and is still advancing. Neither Shakespearian 'foul papers' nor Ralph Crane's transcripts had, for example, been heard of in 1922, though a reader of Mr. Crow's review might well suppose me to be still ignorant of them. I try to guard against this kind of misunderstanding as best I can by means of postscripts or additional notes when reprints of particular plays are asked for, fresh recensions being practically out of the question under the hard conditions of present-day publishing. One such postscript to the Note on the Copy in the 1950 reprint of the New Cambridge 'Measure for Measure' refers readers to passages in Sir Edmund Chambers' William Shakespeare and Sir Walter Greg's Editorial Problems in Shakes peare in which the conclusions of the Note are criticised.

In any future reprint I shall now add a refer-

ence to Miss Lascelles, who also criticises and unlike her reviewer does so with courtesy and understanding.—Yours, etc.,
Balerno J. Dover Wilson

The Geological Record in Evolution

Sir,—I submit that Dr. Swinton (THE LISTENER, October 29) has failed to account for the absence of indubitable fossils in any of the rocks formed before the Cambrian Period. It is true that many of these rocks have been 'crushed and tumbled, worn and fractured', but there are in a number of localities great thicknesses of rocks which have not been disturbed since they were laid down, and which show the imprints of raindrops and seem well fitted to hold fossils. But, despite much searching, extending over fully seventy years, not a single undisputed fossil has been found. A few enthusiasts, such as Walcott and Cayeux, have described what they believe to be fossils, but nearly all of them have been rejected by experts.

In contrast to this, many thousands of welldefined fossils occur in rocks of the Cambrian Period in most parts of the earth-fossils of all the great divisions of the animal kingdom, except possibly the vertebrates. As jelly-fishes have left impressions in the rocks, if all the pre-Cambrian animals lacked shells or hard parts, fossils consisting of these imprints should have been found. Dr. Percy Raymond in his presidential address to the Palaeontological Society of America in 1935 said: 'the sudden appearance of this great Cambrian fauna presents a constant challenge to the evolutionists'. Yours, etc.,

Camberley

Douglas Dewar

Sir,—In Dr. Swinton's admirable broadcast there is one slip which needs correction. Linnæus did not exclude Man from his system. He established the genus Homo, with two species: Homo sapiens (Man) and H. troglo-dytes (the Orang-outan, the only anthropoid then known).—Yours, etc.,
Amersham A. Morley Davies

The Task of the Art Critic

Sir.—I do not believe that either Eric Newton or Adrian Hill are right in their interpretation: 'Her brow is like the snow drift, her neck is like the swan'—the white serenity of the snow, the white symmetry of the swan afloat, the most perfect example of this in creation. The poet did not say that her neck was like the swan's neck, but like the swan. A poet usually says what he means-or did in those days.-Yours, etc., Magilligan BERESFORD RICHARDS

Portraits from Memory

Sir,-I do not mind gratifying Mr. Howard Lees by admitting that I do not know by what methods the presence and presumed efficacy of the hormones were established. What I know or do not know about elementary physiology seems to me irrelevant.

This correspondence began (as far as I am concerned) with a protest against the ascription by Bertrand Russell to Bernard Shaw of unworthy motives for certain Shavian rules of conduct. One of these rules condemned the obtaining of knowledge by cruel methods. In this my final letter on the subject I wish to put it on record that in the face of Shaw's frequently reiterated views on cruelty to animals I find it quite incredible that he should ever sanction a treatment which he knew depended for its discovery on such cruelty.—Yours, etc., ALLAN M. LAING Liverpool, 15

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER!

Signorelli and Luini

By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

N this country the interest of an exhibition is generally thought of as depending principally from the objects shown. But abroad the places in which exhibitions are arranged can themselves make a powerful contribution to the impact of the works of art. This has been the case this summer with two Italian exhibitions of moderate size, one at Cortona devoted to Luca Signorelli (this has now been

transferred to Florence) and the other at Como devoted to Luini. Neither exhibition included much that was unfamiliar to the specialist, yet with both the effect of the paintings shown was immeasurably heightened by the setting: at Cortona a palace whose windows command one of the most splendid panoramas in the world, and at Como the Villa dell'Olmo with its view across the waters of Lake Como to Bellaggio. Here were conditions in which the athletic style of Signorelli and the slack, rather luxuriant paintings of Luini

might be looked at anew.

Signorelli was more closely associated with Cortona than was Luini with Como; for it was at Cortona that he was born, between 1445 and 1450, it was at Cortona that he painted many of his altarpieces, and it was to Cortona that he returned in his old age, 'working more for the love of it than for anything else', Vasari tells us, and living 'rather like a great lord and gentleman than as a painter'. Yet the pious organisers of this exhibition cannot have had an easy task, for the great Signorelli, the Signorelli whose virile, violently activated nudes were admired by Michelangelo, was not a panel but a fresco painter, and there is no fresco by the artist in his native town. Condemned to illustrate no more than one aspect of the painter's work, they none the less determined that Signorelli the fresco painter should not go by default, and included in the exhibition some of the marvellous chalk drawings preserved in the Uffizi, which were made in preparation for Signorelli's masterpiece, the Orvieto Last Judgment, at a moment when his inspiration coursed more freely than at any other time during his long career. Let it be said as well that one aspect of Signorelli's work is richer than many another painter's entire oeuvre. Indeed in the context of the halfcentury in which he worked (roughly from 1474 till 1523) Signorelli appears as something of a Tuscan Tintoretto, enormously

productive and immensely fertile, with inspiration unfettered by self-criticism, capable at times of painting with astonishing directness, yet willing at others to make extensive use of the strikingly untalented members of his studio. The Cortona exhibition included much that is not readily accessible: at one end of the scale the beautiful 'Madonna' from New York, and at the other altarpieces collected from Arcevia, Umbertide, and other towns in Umbria. But visitors will remember it mainly for three things. First, the early works: seldom can a great painter have been as gifted as the young Signorelli, and at Cortona well-known paintings, like the Milan 'Flagellation', the 'Madonna' in the Uffizi and the Perugia altarpiece, seemed to acquire a new freshness and force. Second, the portraits, of which all four surviving examples (from Berlin, the

Berenson collection, and the Barber Institute at Birmingham) were shown in a single room. And third, the assembly of predella panels (opened by the Louvre 'Birth of the Baptist' and closed by the sadly repainted 'Christ among the Doctors' from Kansas) into whose oblong fields so much of Signorelli's genius is compressed.

Luini's artistic personality is the inverse of Signorelli's. Yet it was as a

fresco painter that Luini too excelled. What proved a source of weakness at Cortona, at Como proved a source of strength, since a number of the buildings decorated by Luini in and around Milan were demolished in the early nineteenth century, and parts of his frescoes were transferred to canvas and taken to the Brera gallery. Parts of these frescoes also found their way elsewhere, and the reunion of the Brera sections with pieces from private collections and other institutions provided, from the student's point of view, one of the high-lights of the exhibition. Not from the student's point of view alone, for as a fresco painter Luini was an artist of unbounded charm, whose innocent vision was matched by handling of unaffected simplicity. How pleasant, one felt on looking at these frescoes, to exchange the boundless aspirations and aggressive rhetoric of Signorelli for a painter so conscious of his limitations, who was content, in the quiet backwaters of Lombardy, to develop his unexacting art.

Good exhibitions, like good monographs, can be based only upon thorough understanding of a painter's artistic personality. In the beautiful display at Como this condition was fulfilled, and from the moment one entered the first room and opened the exceptionally clever catalogue, it was made clear that the exhibition was not purely academic, but was designed as an answer to the question, 'What is the aesthetic value of Luini's work?' Luini's paintings, largely because of their ripe sentiment, enjoyed great popularity during the nineteenth century. Inevitably a reaction came, and for a time they seemed a mere repository of cloying sentiment. Yet this view, as the Como exhibition demonstrates, was also incorrect. Luini painted with his emotions, certainly, but he was saved, time and again, from sentimentalism by his innate reticence. So little do the figures in his pictures reveal their awareness of our presence, so little do they invite



The Torriani Altaspiece, by Bernardino Luini

us to intrude into the world within the painting, that a physical barrier seems to separate us from them, as though we were gazing at them through a pane of glass. In the Legnano altarpiece the figures are treated with natural plasticity, and his best-known painting, the 'Madonna with the Rose Hedge', in the Brera gallery, can boast, in the white vase filled with columbine towards which the Child extends his hand, one of the most satisfying still-lives in Italian art. Luini approached the problems of landscape painting with the same gravity as those of figure painting and still-life, and seen in the setting of the verdant hills which are known in Italy as the *Prealpi*, landscapes like that which he inserted in the background of the Torriani altarpiece (lent from a private collection to the Como exhibition)-cannot but impress us by their truth to nature and their authentic visual poetry.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland 1764. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle, Heinemann, 25s.

THIS IS VINTAGE BOSWELL, a young wine, heady perhaps, but generous and distinctive. He is now twenty-four, the youthful hero of the London fournal grown a little older and more sure of himself and his manifold merits. The dazzled boy who sought in vain for a commission in the Foot Guards is now almost a finished man of fashion. Experience has taught him how to cultivate the 'art of gaining on' men and women, and his charm, a mixture of naivety, sophistication and 'pliant ease of manners', meets few rebuffs. Towards the end of this Journal (December 29, 1764) he records with complacency this self-judgment:

What a singular being do I find myself! Let this my journal show what variety my mind is capable of. But am I not well received everywhere? Am I not particularly taken notice of by men of the most distinguished genius? And why? I have neither profound knowledge, strong judgment, nor constant gaiety. But I have a noble soul which still shines forth, a certain degree of knowledge, a multiplicity of ideas of all kinds, an original humour and turn of expression, and, I really believe, a remarkable knowledge of human nature.

Despite the delicious comedy of Boswell's encounter with Zélide, the reconstructed journal of the stay in Holland meant a great fall in interest after the London Journal. Moreover, Boswell in Holland was often melancholy and dispirited, ill at ease with a determination to study law and mortify his too-insistent flesh. Now all is changed. He is a Scottish Baron of ancient lineage starting on his Grand Tour with a distinguished Jacobite, the elderly Earl Marischal, one of Frederick the Great's most trusted officers. From June to November he moves from court to court among the German States, delighting in their splendour and the consideration shown him. 'After supper the Duke of Brunswick honoured me with a pretty long conversation, and I am sure that his Highness was pleased. Here now do I find myself in the very sphere of magnificence, I live with princes, and a court is my home'. Where else, indeed, should Boswell live?

The Journal is as full of plums as a Christmas cake. Despite his many journeyings and their acute discomforts—'at night we were laid thirteen in a room, besides a Danish woman and three children'—he is less afflicted with hypochondria and alert to all the variety of his experience. Now he begins to escape from the wish to be Dalrymple or Johnson: 'Let me then be Boswell and render him as fine a fellow as possible'. He is still too 'warm and fiery'. Once again he finds low adventures in the streets. Unwittingly he risks a duel and needs all his ingenuity to extricate himself with honour. Buthis progress is a triumph and meets with only two social checks. Though he works hard for both he fails to compass an introduction to Frederick the Great or to obtain from the Margrave of Baden-Durlach the star and ribbon of a Knight of the Order of Fidelity. What pretty play he would have made with them.

His journal is a prime concern:

My method is to make a memorandum every night of what I have seen during the day. By this means I have my materials always secured. Sometimes I am three, four, five days without journalising. When I have time and spirits, I bring up this my journal as well as I can in the hasty manner in which I write it. Some years hence I shall perhaps abridge it in a more elegant style.

It is a pity that he never shaped it in the manner of the London Journal. It remains an incomparable journal rather than a work of art. In particular the highlights crowded near the end, the visits to Rousseau at Môtiers and Voltaire at Ferney, carried through with aplomb and panache, need a final pointing. Geoffrey Scott wrote: 'The conjunction of the names of Boswell, Rousseau and Voltaire is in itself sufficient to awaken enchanting images and expectations. The figures converge with an essential fitness, and at the same time, an exquisite incongruity'. It is a feast of the finest comedy. But it must be read as a whole.

This is that unfortunate compromise the 'reading or trade edition'. The journal is printed without cuts, but spelling and punctuation have been normalised, many contemporary letters to and from Boswell have been interpolated (an unhappy thought), and letters and conversations in a foreign language (usually French) are given only in translation. Professor Pottle's annotation is often extremely helpful, but there are signs that the general reader is not credited with much intelligence. Two excellent maps illustrate Boswell's movements. The index is first-rate and there are nine appropriate illustrations.

A Blessed Girl. By Lady Emily Lutyens. Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.

The sub-title is 'Memoirs of a Victorian girlhood chronicled in an exchange of letters 1887-1896'. The letters were exchanged between Lady Emily (a daughter of the Lord Lytton who was Viceroy of India and a granddaughter of Bulwer Lytton) and a distinguished old literary clergyman, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, who was fifty-eight years older than herself. From the age of thirteen for nearly ten years she wrote to him almost every day, giving him her confidence in a way that she would not have found possible nearer home, and he in return gave her a fatherly or grandfatherly sympathy and affection together with good advice which had in it much that was sound and wise and nothing sanctimonious. It was a singular intimacy.

Lady Emily was by no means easy in her life at home and in society: she was extremely shy, and underneath her shyness were violence of temper and strength of emotion. She needed a sort of confessor and in this unbigoted Anglican priest found an ideal one. Her relationship with Elwin was something rare yet natural and fitting. The revelation of it in their letters makes Lady Emily's book quite out of the ordinary and far more lifelike than most memoirs: it gives a view of late Victorian manners through the eyes of a girl in whom inexperience and understanding were commingled.

The book depends largely for its effect upon an unhurried tempo and a fullness of detail that may make readers accustomed to brisker writing impatient; but even more upon its frankness. Lady Emily was always candid. Her youthful rages led her to feel 'satisfaction' in biting her brother's shoulder and boxing her grandmother's ears; her 'youthful ruthlessness, narrowness, and high spirits have in due course led the blessed girl through to a blessed largeness of tolerance; she is still frank, or she would not have published these letters. The most striking situation they present is that produced by the attempts of Wilfrid Blunt, then in his fifties, to seduce her; by her being in love with him and resisting his dishonourable attentions; and by the watchfulness of Elwin on, so to speak, the touchline. There are sharp impressions of sojourns at Hatfield and Knowsley, and of persons, and nothing sharper than the directness with which this young woman often saw through falsity and went straight to the point. Then at last there are the characteristically Victorian obstacles put in the way of her engaging herself to the young man who loved her—the rising young architect, Edwin Lutyens—and the letters preliminary to the happy ending are both dignified and touching. And what a link with the past, that a lady happily flourishing in 1953 should be able to publish her correspondence with a man who knew, for instance, Thackeray well and was himself born in 1816!

Principia Politica. By Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press. 25s.

Mr. Woolf's book is a brilliant tirade against authoritarianism in all its forms, religious, educational, and political.

It is described as Vol. 3 of After the Deluge, but in mood and content it is entirely different from its two predecessors, for which the title Principia Politica', suggested by Maynard Keynes, is much more appropriate. In the first two volumes Mr. Woolf develops the thesis that when a society has a structure which is in disaccord with vital new ideas, the structure will be changed and a new one developed which is in accord with those ideas. The source of new ideas cannot, he thinks, be traced entirely to economic factors, though he does not for one moment deny the significance of economic change. At any rate from the seventeenth century onwards a new sense of the importance of the individual pervaded the minds of more and more people. The feudal regime of aristocratic privilege was in disaccord with this and was therefore destroyed. But out of the conflict emerged the privileged bourgeoisie, who took the place of the privileged aristocracy. Economic freedom had to be won before equality and the provision of a happy life for everyone could be realised.

The story of the abolition of aristocratic privilege is carried in Vol. 2 down to 1830 in France and 1832 in England. What we hoped for was an account of the fight against economic privilege, which would take us on to the Welfare State and the establishment of the Dictatorship of the Communist Party in Russia. This was, so one gathers, Mr. Woolf's original intention. However, the second volume was published on the eve of the second world war, and the third never got written. In any case, Mr. Woolf tells us, the events after 1848 were too close to him to be analysed in the same spirit of detachment with which he could view the events of the eighteen-thirties. Another feature of the last 100 years is that events have moved at such a pace. Violent reaction against communism flared up in Germany and Italy, violent application of ideological principles took place in Russia, a war of unprecedented violence convulsed the world, and Mr. Woolf became so angry that he could not keep up the atmosphere of scientific calm that characterises the first two volumes.

Instead of the gradual undermining of bourgeois capitalism and the slow coming into being of socialism, which he hoped for, he witnessed the horrors of Nazi Germany, and—worse still—what he deemed to be the betrayal of the ideals of Marx and Engels by Lenin and Stalin, initiating a new form of religiosity which perverts the very values out of which it has sprung. This is no time for the careful disentangling of political ideas, the accursed thing must be denounced, and shown to be, by its very nature, doomed.

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STAPLES SESSES

ing, but it does not teach us very much about the relations between social structure and political ideas. We learn, it is true, that dictators have to be ruthless in order to preserve their power. We learn that they must control the thoughts of their subjects, because free thought is liable to be dangerous, and Mr. Woolf points out that such control is difficult in an age when the complexities of living demand that those very subjects should be taught to think for themselves. There is much truth in all this, and it is admirably said, but what we want to know is whether the establishment of economic equality by the removal of economic privilege demands a new form of social organisation, now that the conflict of economic interests is no longer there to provide the party system, and whether such a regime may not require for its working an ethic of social service which modifies the kind of individualism appropriate to the capitalist world. That appears to be what the communists say. They also add that the dictatorial pronouncements are really the result of a long series of 'democratic' discussions, and that the minds of men must be washed clean of the contamination of that bourgeois selfishness which is known as 'individual freedom'

These claims merit discussion. At only one point does Mr. Woolf come anywhere near them, and that is when he envisages the challenge that he is applying out-of-date bourgeois standards to the new society. His answer would seem to be that the standards of 'freedom, justice, humanity' and so on are values 'which in every age but our own have been accepted as standards of civilisation'. But in Vol. 1 we were led to believe that these values emerged in the seventeenth century, in a society which did not know them. If that is so new values may emerge with the establishment of communist society,

Nowadays, when it is impossible to take communist theory seriously without being accused of condoning obvious barbarisms, or to criticise communism without being accused of bourgeois lackeydom, perhaps calm discussion is out of the question. Perhaps, on the other hand, Mr. Woolf will discuss the matter in Vol. 4, which is to deal with the viability of democracy, and, presumably, with the form it should take when the expropriators are expropriated.

Clubland Heroes. By Richard Usborne. Constable. 15s.

Mr. Usborne is forty-three. His boyhood and youth accordingly coincided with the high noon of Sapper, John Buchan, and Dornford Yates, and now, at a more critical age and in times less congenial, he has re-read the corpus and written this most engaging account of it. He is no Orwell, out to squeeze the last moral or political conclusion from his examination of these astonishing best-sellers: he is merely learned in them, appreciative of them, and his few general comments are gentle. Nor does he gibe at his authors' talents: often he cannot forbear to point out their inconsistencies, ignorance, absurdities, but he does so with a humorous affection, as of a grandson for his grandparents. He has wisely left his readers to ponder for themselves the various significances of his material, and to realise its effect on a whole area of popular thought during the inter-war period.

Mr. Usborne's exegesis strikingly reveals how precisely Sapper, Buchan, and Yates embody the desires and fears of the English middle class in the epoch of its crisis which began in 1914. Or, rather, of that portion of it which was more self-conscious and therefore more reactionary than the rest. These fictions are full of antisemitism, beatings, anti-bolshevism, international plots to lay low the British Empire, glorification of a glorified Secret Service, faithful working-class servants, unfaithful working-class nonservants with dangerous ideas, black-garbed groups of young well-to-do men administering violent and private punishments. It is scarcely possible to analyse the social implications of such fantasies except in Marxist terms: it must be devoutly hoped that Clubland Heroes never falls into the hands of some serious-minded Soviet professor. The psycho-analytically inclined reader, too, will be interested: here is material for several theses—on disguises, say, or incest.

But the general reader, out only for entertainment, will no doubt find that of the three subjects Dornford Yates emerges as the most considerable literary figure. The section devoted to him is absorbing, quite apart from politics and psychology and Mr. Usborne's skill. The three pages on nomenclature in the Dornford Yates novels, for example, are as brilliant and evocative as Finnegans Wake and very much funnier.

The Deprived and the Privileged: Personality development in English Society. By B. M. Spinley. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

Before she left New Zealand for England, where she was to study at the London School of Economics, Miss Spinley had taken some courses in social anthropology and social psychology; and she decided to use this learning, and the advantages she derived from being a foreigner, in a study of two groups (or sub-cultures) in English society, hoping thereby to gain insight into English society as a whole, as well as to establishing the differences between the personalities of a slum group and of a group educated at public schools. This was a laudable, if very ambitious project; for it is doubtful if such complex social investigations can be profitably undertaken if the investigator has neither had the experience of intensive study of a small

of the complexities of a large society, nor of a personal analysis, so that he or she has a model of the complexities of an individual personality. Even under the most favourable circumstances, Miss Spinley was rather inadequately trained for her task.

primitive society, so that he or she has a model

Unfortunately, she encountered a piece of very bad luck, which it is surprising that her advisers did not prevent. With considerable courage she decided to spend a year in a slum settlement house, to study the slum-dwellers by participating in their lives; but the noisome slum she chose, south of the Thames, was almost entirely inhabited by feckless, unskilled, Roman Catholic, first-generation Irish immigrants and their families. Her slum-dwellers are not English people at all: they do not have English characters or habits, and seem to have made minimal adjustments to life in England or life in a big city. Their mode of life is fairly clearly described; and there are numerous traits (for example pages 50 or 59) by which any investigator familiar with the Irish, whether at home or as emigrants, could have identified the group being

A study of Irish immigrants could of course be of interest in itself, or as a basis of comparison with other immigrant groups (e.g., West Indian, Chinese, Eastern European or German Jewish) for a study of differential techniques of adaptation; or with the Irish in Eire or the U.S.A. to show to what extent emigration modifies habits or character. It might even have been illuminating to contrast them with an English group of similar income and education; but there is no obvious advantage in contrasting them with any English group on a different level; except for geographical location and language there is no a priori reason to suppose they have anything in common.

Miss Spinley however resolutely ignored the

fact that her slum-dwellers were not English. and proceeded to contrast them with 'public school types'. These public school types numbered forty-two (twenty-two men and twenty women) who voluntarily answered a long Experience Variables Record', designed by an American, Joseph Chassell, for the psychological study of American college students. Though cumbersome, it seems as though it might be suitable for the groups for which it was intended; but it is so full of American values (especially 'adjustment') and adapted to an American middle-class model, that the answers of even the most willing English respondents could not fail to be sketchy and stereotyped. The information on the public school group (we do not even know that all of the small samples are English, as contrasted with Scottish, Welsh, or Anglo-Irish) is poor in itself, and not in any way comparable to the information on the slum-dwellers; consequently the tables of comparison are practically meaningless.

The project which Miss Spinley envisaged is very well worth the undertaking; and it seems possible that if her training continues she may in some ten years' time produce a major contribution to the understanding of sub-divisions in large and complex societies. She would appear to be a good observer and careful note-taker and reasonably methodical; but she cannot vet handle either cultural or psychoanalytic concepts adequately. The present study was a Ph.D. dis-

Safety Last. By Lt. Col. W. F. Stirling. Hollis and Carter. 18s.

The Unknown Courier. By Ian Colvin. Kimber. 15s.

Iconoclasm's victims, the iconoclasts, will smile at the title of this book and send its author down the way of most colonels who turn to biography, unread. That will be their tragedy for, after the early chapters which show how narrow was the mould from which Colonel Stirling emerged—the small public school, the Grace and Favour apartment at Hampton Court, the wellbred but inexpensive regiment, the skirmishes of the South African war-the remainder of the book is absorbing. As Siegfried Sassoon says in his introduction, the Colonel has lived. He has lived in the Sudan, in Canada, Arabia, Egypt, Turkey, England, Palestine, Albania, Greece and Syria. Living, for him, has implied action: he has been the virtual ruler of Albania; Lawrence's chief of staff, assistant porter at Marks and Spencer's, Balkan spy, rebel, film director, soldier and administrator. Western Europe has never been open to the Englishman of character who wished to stamp it with his image, but the Balkans and the Near East have always been one of his most natural champing grounds. The Colonel has taken full advantage of them.

He is an Evangelist Yogi with the prejudices of a High Tory: an ideal of Empire, a veneration for Gordon, a campaign prayer book, outstanding courage, great kindness, and the ability to understand the people among whom he lived, seem to have marked him out from his youth. Younghusband in Tibet, Baden-Powell dreaming of boy scouts in Mafeking, an earlier Lawrence in the Punjab, the countless chaste and devoted subalterns who decimated the ranks of Mrs. Hawksbee's lovers and spent their leaves mapping the sources of Sutlei and Aram, these were his peers. T. E. Lawrence, Stirling freely admits, was their superior; they shared his vision but they lacked his education and his wisdom. This was, perhaps, the tragedy of the British Empire during the crucial years around and after the turn of the nineteenth century: its best and most adventurous administrators lacked a liberal education. Its lack was important not only because of the distrust which it engendered between the

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Spartans abroad and the Athenians at home, but, in the last resort, because it detracted from their efficiency. This is the autobiography of a very fine man but he is also a man who, when he had to draw up a constitution for Albania, looked up the précis of the American Constitution, of which he knew nothing, in Whitaker's and then got on with it. His Roman counterpart, who would likely enough have been corrupt, would not have been in such a position.

For all that he was effective enough and this book makes very good reading. He possesses a fast and clear prose style, the ability to turn a good story, and a lifetime of varied experience.

Mr. Colvin is equally readable. The story of the body off the coast of Spain is very well known by now and this book occupies the honourable position of 'the reliable authority' in its bibliography. Leisurely as a cat with a probable mouse, the author pursues his corpse from consulate to café, digressing as he goes to describe a flamenco or a sunset, or the history and psychology of espionage. He is always entertaining and if he leaves one or two loose ends still to be tied up, he has given his readers the clues and the excuse to call at the beautiful manor house of Ogbourne St. George.

Westward the Course of Empire By Bernard DeVoto. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 42s.

The European reader of this book will find it hard to believe that Mr. DeVoto has been accused in recent months of un-American proclivities. For the book is plainly-almost too plainly—the work of an American patriot, as indeed are its author's previous studies in American history and literature. His theme here is the explorations of North America, beginning with the first Spanish ventures and concluding with the successful overland journey to the Pacific by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, in 1804-5. We move from Columbus and Cortés, via De Soto and Coronado, Champlain and Radisson, Jolliet and Marquette, La Salle and Vérendrye, Cook and Vancouver, to Simon Fraser and Thomas Jefferson. But by North America he means primarily the United States, or what was to become its territory; and his assumptions would seem to be identical with those of such 100 per cent. Americans as Senators McCarran of Nevada and McCarthy of Wisconsin. He prefers, that is, the New World to the Old, the West to the East, the man of action to the intellectual (except Jefferson) or the aristocrat. Europeans are presented as haughty and inept ('Maurepas sat in Versailles, polishing epigrams and moving dividers across fantastic maps'), somewhat as the soldier in the trenches viewed the General Staff. It is taken for granted that destiny—the lines of force, the logic of the situation, geopolitics-all intended the United States to become a continental power. Mr. DeVoto's pages are crowded with imperatives of this sort; 'the land itself', we are told, 'forbade' the dissolution of the Union at the time of the Civil War.

Mr. DeVoto is, then, emphatically an American writer, with a strong western tinge, and with a certain contempt for academic attitudes. His thesis is a little oversimplified, as when he contends that 'the society south of Canada had always [?] been of land, not furs: on an agricultural foundation', and a little distorted to prove the supreme fitness-to-rule of his own countrymen. Is the fact that Fort Astoria was founded just four months before Alexander Mackenzie arrived at the mouth of the Columbia River an example of America's predestined growth, or merely of a lucky accident? A somewhat more balanced account of this and other episodes has been given by some of the Canadian historians to whom Mr. DeVoto pays tribute in his notes (including J. B. Brebner, whose Explorers of North America, published twenty years ago, has the same scope

as the present volume).

But it would be unfair to make too much of these points. Mr. DeVoto remains exceptionally well qualified to have written the book. He has a wide knowledge of the literature of the subject, and of its geography. He writes fluently, if at times crudely, and effectively subordinates his complicated material to his main arguments. There are plenty of maps, most of them excellent. Moreover, one must admit that on the whole his approach is well suited to his story. Europeans were apt to behave ignorantly and superciliously toward North America, failing to grasp its problems. The colonies that became the United States were in a stronger position than the possessions of Spain or France, both through geographical accident and because they could establish permanent settlements instead of missions or trading-posts (and benefit from the superior industrial development of Britain). Geography does determine, or at any rate powerfully influence, much of the course of empire in Mr. DeVoto's narrative; and he writes in fascinating detail of the curious misconceptions that governments and travellers alike cherished even in the face of contrary evidence: as, that the continent could not be as wide as it turned out to be; that there must be a water-route across it, with at worst simply a short portage over the Divide; or that the huge barrier afterwards known as the Rocky Mountains was only a series of trifling hills-or even that there were no hills at all to bar the way to the Pacific. And there is no denying that the men of action deserve to be the heroes of the saga. The author could say, paraphrasing Ezra Pound's Provincia Deserta,

I have walked over these trails: I have thought of them living.

He re-creates these explorers' achievements in terms of terrain, equipment, food, the Indian tribes of each vicinity. The result is a long, absorbing book that may irritate the reader now and then, but that will stir and please him far more often; for the subject is a great one, and in general Mr. DeVoto has done it justice.

The Net and the Sword. By Douglas le Pan. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. Now is the Winter. By Peter Robins. P. M. Publications. 2s. 6d.

In the poetic doldrums towards the end of the forties Mr. le Pan's The Wounded Prince shone like a dollar on a sweep's palm. Its influences, technical competence, relevant themes, were not only remarkable in a first book but ran counter to the rubbishy ideas current among new poets at the time. Perhaps it was inevitable that his second collection would earn the epithet 'disappointing'-though it is disappointing for very curious reasons. The majority of its poems are about the war, about Mr. le Pan's soldiering in the Italian campaign, and it may be that they have been 'worked up' during the intervening period (though he reprints here a war poem from the earlier volume precisely as it stood there). Whatever their history they are mostly over-written, often reaching a rhetorical thickness that almost completely blankets the feeling and experience which lie behind them:

Flesh has been cut by leaves of bitter laurel, Tissue been cut away and the sheaths of bright-

Environing lymph lapped up by fire Till insidious fibres twitch their charged message Nakedly, publish their lamentation.

Of course, this elaborate and violent language often achieves an impressive phrase ('As armadas of crimson flakes takes wing', for example), but its total effect is to cease to make any effect. Mr. le Pan's talent can really only be seen in the shorter poems, those founded on concrete incident or feeling, where the diction is in better proportion to the theme. 'The New Vintage' is such a poem, and its excellence sharpens the regret for this poet's turning down a blind alley. His interest in words, in men, and his thoughtful and civilised outlook will, it must be hoped, prove the aberration only temporary.

Now is the Winter is a first collection which betrays all the marks of a very young poet, but nevertheless leaves a firm impression of integrity, dedication and promise. Strangeness of material and diction is by no means an indication of talent in a first book: Mr. Robins also owns more abiding virtues—a certain power of organising his poems, an individual way of using his background (which is the industrial town ringed closely by the countryside) and an eye and emotion turned quite maturely outward. It is refreshing to find a young man giving a love poem body with a verse like this:

Beneath the frozen surface we so confidently walk lie fathoms of dark water

where tickets, appleskins and papers we once threw disintegrate among the shifting mud.

The times are still mauspicious for new poets: Mr. Robins has so far resisted most of the bad influences, and his gifts deserve luck and the right encouragement.

Central European Democracy and its Background. By Rudolf Schlesinger. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

This book contains a great deal of useful information provocatively presented with unashamed bias. It might be more useful still were it not for the fact that it is conceived in Central European terms which are with difficulty rendered into English. 'Democracy', writes Dr. Schlesinger, 'is a concept open to diverse interpretation'. Only too true. But this book is not about democracy at all-it is about Central European Socialists who habitually talked about democracy when they were referring to the socialism which they failed to achieve. A minor misunderstanding is created in these pages, as in nearly all translations from German books on such subjects, by the use of our word social for the German sozial which means something quite

Dr. Schlesinger takes for granted the need for a central European social revolution, relentless and uncompromising, from the middle of the nineteenth-century onwards. He flays the German Social Democrats because their greatest wish was to avoid revolution and he shows that by habitually choosing 'lesser evils' they disarmed themselves completely. 'The German labour movement', he writes, 'paid its tribute to Marxism mainly by accepting such of its tenets as seemed suitable objects for hymnsinging in the Church of the Future; reality was taken care of by comparisons between the Russian and the German food rations. But peoples and classes cannot be masters of their future without. if necessary, accepting low rations and even some casualties'. Dr. Schlesinger very rightly con-demns the Austro-Marxists a good deal less, though Otto Bauer comes in for plenty of rating; rightly again, the Austrian Socialists are criticised for their anti-Slav nationalism.

Among the legends which Dr. Schlesinger laudably destroys is that which ascribes the collapse of Central European Socialism and the triumph of the Nazis to the great depression; he shows us that the Socialists had lost before the slump and that employment was picking up before Hitler. On the other hand, his view that the rule of the latter might easily have been avoided seems both too simple

and too doctrinaire.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Memorable Experience

FOR SOME, the television event of the week was the film 'Burma Victory', for others probably 'The Conductor Speaks', or the finely rendered ceremonial at Guildhall, London, or the cameras' intimate record of the visit of the Queen and the Duke to the studios at Lime Grove. For me, if I may obtrude a personal preference, it was the unexpected appearance in 'Snapshot', incongruously but impressively, of Edith Sitwell. I thought it a memorable viewing experience, apart from the philosophical implications of what she had to say about 'the might of design' Dubedat's phrase, which speaks to the poet of worlds unseen. Incongruous, I say, because it was as if *Tit-Bits* had printed a sonnet by Keats. I am still unreconciled to 'Snapshot' as a television idea. It remains as crudely journalistic as before. I am none the less appreciative of the opportunity it gave us of seeing Dr. Sitwell,

with her timeless presence, her flowing use of the language, her message for the heart. Here was the best 'Speaking Personally' that we have had—and in the wrong place, sandwiched between a chat about elephants and a piece of very special pleading about flying saucers!

Is the pottery exports case still sub judice? A Fleet Street rumour of the week was that at an editorial conference of a morning newspaper it was decided not to print the story of the alleged sighting of the latest-pattern flying saucer, at Norwich, 'for fear of alarming readers'.' The producer of 'Snapshot' took the line that his public has stronger nerves. He put on Desmond Leslie, partauthor of a new book

which relates that a visitor from Venus descended in California and talked to George Adamski, the other half of the partnership. Though we were not told, the two men have never met in person, a state of dissociation which, it is true, has not impeded previous scientific and literary collaborations. Leslie was a shade too cosy in his suggestion of a union

of minds; otherwise, I found his television style completely agreeable. As for the subject, most viewers must have been enthralled, though the photographic illustration, taken from the book, had already been well thumbed in the press.

Incredulity of another order was set up by the 'Burma Victory' film: hard to believe that the lines of communication extend into shoe shops in London, drapery counters in Manchester, accountants' offices in Glasgow; that the men of those horrific Far East scenes have long since rejoined the community and are riding sedately beside us every morning in the bus. The film was a powerful reminder of their endurance, which gave the Fourteenth Army its glory. But if its testimony is



Philip Harben showing how to make la soupe à l'oignon gratinée in 'Continental Cookery' on October 27



Sir Malcolm Sargent, at the piano, analysing 'Till Eulenspiegel' in 'The Conductor Speaks' on October 26

to the loftiest courage, seen from this distance in time it seemed to refer uncomfortably to a nursery stage in the history of planetary man.

The return of Philip Harben was an event in that it brought competence, full and overflowing, back to our screens. In that respect he stands almost alone, a precision instrument of self-expression. With Mr. Butler encouraging

us to be better Europeans, we can profit culturally from the new Harben kitchen course. Can he, who is so persuasive, in turn be persuaded to drop that fatuous word 'tenderisation' into the sink tidy?

Of a highly successful contemporary painter of portraits his candid and perhaps jealous professional colleagues have been known to say, in commenting on his works, that 'he puts it on too thin'. Did Sir Malcolm Sargent, in 'The Conductor Speaks' last week, put it on too thick? As much as any viewer, I enjoyed his brilliant, amusing performance at the piano, explaining 'Till Eulenspiegel' to the million. So much energy of assertion is to be preferred,

certainly, to the fashionable languors which, it appears, have suddenly fallen into disrepute. I take my place several rows behind the doyen of music critics who questioned the prerogative of orchestra conductors in stepping too boldly between composer and audience. The Sargent personality is full of spectacular dash, enviable but sometimes distracting. Respect for the com-









As seen by the viewer: the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the B.B.C. television studios at Lime Grove on October 28—Her Majesty speaking to some of the artists, and looking at a television camera. Right: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother receiving the Freedom of the City of London on October 28—signing the declaration, and leaving Guild'hall

Photographs: John Cura

poser as against the interpreter can be overdone. The interpreter has his elected place, from which he can do much to exalt reputations that might falter without him. His genius, even so, is always secondary to that of the creative brain; and how often at orchestral concerts are we helped to realise the composer's presence not simply in his work but in the unspoken homage that is his due?

'The Conductor Speaks' has been an admirable series for television, whether or not one cares for the idea of the cameras going through 'musical chairs' motions during the performance. Sir Adrian Boult showed that a conductor in these programmes is not necessarily required to speak too much, with voice or with hands.

On the other hand, the ancient film pioneer, Adolph Zukor, did not say half enough when interviewed by Leslie Mitchell, and the accompanying excerpts from early films were too scrappy for real enjoyment. The pictures from Guildhall, London, showing Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother receiving the freedom of the City of London, were excellent, while those of the royal visit to Lime Grove Studios supplied the contrast of delightful informality.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Finite Variety

THE PROBLEM WHICH FACES the variety department of television is really greater than that facing the drama department. If the latter will find it hard to provide a minimum of fifty-two fresh plays a year—and already you hear people grumbling because Thursday nearly always repeats the Sunday night play—then the variety pundits are in even worse case. 'Age cannot wither her nor custom stale . . .' is well said of Cleopatra, but hardly of the average variety turn. There are exceptions; some turns will stand up to literally hundreds of seeings.



Scene from 'The Disagreeable Man' on October 28: the Gaspards' party

Last Saturday night, in the restrained gentility of 'Café Continental', I reflected that perhaps the Bernard Brothers might be a test case. They are still making me laugh as much, or almost as much as the first unforgettable time I set eyes on them; but will not a moment come when my laughter is calmer or merely habitual, not, as the word is, uproarious? One's immediate suggestion is that they should alter and freshen the act; for example, their forte has always been to mouth silently, with synchronised but impolite gestures, to some gramophone record of stupendous operatic singing. Always, in my experience, it has been the Largo al factotum from the 'Barber' and the Valkyries'

'Heiaha!' Two new excerpts. perhaps? But would they, could they, be as good? In the sense that any change may make an act less good, change is to be de-precated, if only for the sake of those who have not yet seen it in its fullness and perfection. An act like this, in the old days, would have lasted a lifetime; could even be regarded as an heirloom. Carefully planned tours which ensured that even the most extravagant 'fans' could not see the act more than once in two years, spread the interest far and wide. Now, a single show on television exhausts the whole circuit.

Unless television can really create—as sound radio in such shows as 'Itma' and 'Much-Binding' created—a style and a spring of talent peculiar to television, and so long as television has to rely on the 200 or 300

first-rate variety acts going about the country, the position is going to get worse and worse.

This edition of 'Café Continental' had some other good turns as well and came to an end with a prodigious dusky trio of sisters. When one of them engulfingly kissed the little compère with his French imperial and broken English, the audience of smart, rather toothy folk in evening dress was in paroxysms of delight. Well, chacun à son gout, if I am not being too continental.

This programme, however, is understandably popular; so, considering the average cut of the public mind, ought 'A Place of Execution' to have been, for it played on all the usual public pleasures, of torture, lynching and violent death. But the method was simply too thin and slapdash: which cannot, at least, be said

of the playlet offered to the Queen on her visit to Lime Grove. 'The Disagreeable Man' was the work of Dennis Vance, Barry Learoyd, and Ian Atkins.

'What's My Line?' television's least destructible parlour game and a greatly welcomed bringer of amusement, came back on Sunday night-with the firm and brisk chairman Eamonn Andrews (whose Christian name is now becoming endemic), Gilbert Harding in mild mood, Barbara Kelly, who gives a perfect performance of herself, and two newcomers: the actor Michael Denison, who has excellent manners and-at least once-showed an uncanny intuition; and Lady Barnett, who may turn out

to be the right balancing factor later on. This 'session', as sessions do, remained earthbound; but it takes time to run the programme in, and those who are new to it must not be disappointed. Although the technique of the wild guess is sensational when it does come off, dare I suggest that the old catechism was the best method? 'Anything, even loosely, to do with food, Mr. X?' Mr. X, who is a brewer, smiles like a jaguar and the studio audience nearly has convulsions. Simple fun, after all.

On Sunday night, 'Gunpowder, Treason and Plot' by Hugh Ross Williamson made a very good and topical showing indeed (apart from some jumpy continuity at the end). This seems



'Gunpowder, Treason and Plot' on November 1, with David King-Wood as Lord Monteagle (left) and Dennis Arundell as Lord Salisbury

somewhere near the truth of what did happen to the conspirators: and the suggestion of Cecil's 'using' the plot, like the Reichstag fire, was given just about the right weight. As a picture of a minority forced into the condition of a secret society for its profession of faith it was more of a special plea, though not, evidently; without its topical side too. The scene between Monteagle (David King-Wood) and Cecil (Dennis Arundell) at the very start could not have gone better or more straight to the heart of the matter, where the heart in those times was often divided curiously. Then the scenes at Lady Catesby's were impressive with Marie Ney especially, and Richard Leech as her son and Robert Harris as the Jesuit on the run. Joseph O'Conor finely played him whose unmasking we so noisily celebrate today—a Guy Fawkes within grasp of a martyr's crown, and, though the Rookwood ménage did not mean all it perhaps was meant to, Pamela Alan and Anthony Service did impinge finally. But the basis of it was the moral problem: we could have heard more of it. The whole thing is recommended and may well be worth writing more about next

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Roses and Thorns

SEAN O'CASEY, genius of the theatre though he is, is not naturally a radio-dramatist. If he writes for the ear in his own sun-streaming speech, he writes for the eye as well. Such a scene as that upon the Bridge of Vision in 'Red Roses For Me' (Home) cannot fully shake the imagination if we do not see the tired slum-folk turn suddenly to aspiring youth; the shabby flower-women and the loungers transfigured like Dublin itself in the sunset. Here narration does not wholly serve. The cast spoke eloquently enough, and Wilfrid Grantham's use of music was summoning; but I did miss the lift of the heart, the theatrical ecstasy of it all. Mollie Greenhalgh had manipulated the text intricately, transposing and cutting, though few, I imagine, will agree just where in this play the knife should fall. Happily, we kept Finnoola's 'A gold-speckled candle, white as snow, was Dublin once'. I did not see why Roory, asking for 'an Irish song, free o' blemish', should not have been allowed the delightful addition, 'instead o' one thickly speckled with th' lure of foreign enthertainment'. And surely the act should have ended on the tramping and distant singing.

Once again, during 'Red Roses', we found

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ourselves thinking more of the way in which O'Casey talked than of what he talked aboutidealism that saw the shilling-a-week of a railwaymen's strike in 'th' shape of a new world' The fourth act came through surprisingly. It is a complex affair with a visual quality hard to transmit; Mr. Grantham and his cast managed it, and the lines rang—Mrs. Breydon's attack on the Inspector, for example, 'just a braided an' a tasselled dot'. The play had taken its time to warm into life. Robert Mooney's Ayamonn sounded self-conscious; and, though it had been neatly done, the Rector's narration-much of it edited' O'Casey-seemed curiously out of key. Harry Hutchinson's Brennan o' the Moor had the fullest O'Casey manner; his voice, like the 'curling notes' on his own melodeon, was right for such a phrase as 'Wasn't there a fewroory in Heaven! ' As usual, we noticed the dramatist's dexterity with the unexpected adjective ('menacin' helmet', 'jeerin' death', 'black-bordered appeals'). We recognised, too, how tactfully Miss Greenhalgh had done her early

After O'Casey's blossoming speech, some of the language of 'The Breadwinner' (Home) appeared to be faded. Maugham's anecdote of family life in his own idea of Golders Green soon exhausts itself, and we could take an axe to the four adolescents who are supposed, incredibly, to remain 'engaging and delightful' whatever they say—and they say much. The father who, very reasonably, rebels, is the most actable character; Robert Harris, on holiday from Ibsen and Shakespeare, eased him along with unfailing charm. Joyce Barbour and Mary Wimbush helped; but the comedy is not what it was. Autumn is nipping it.

'Something lost behind the Ranges, Lost and waiting for you, Go!' Such a voice as Kipling's explorer heard was calling Harry Lasseter persistently. After finding a gold reef in the horrors of the Central Desert of Australia, he had barely got back with his life. For three decades he waited to go again; then in 1931 he never returned from a disastrous expedition. 'Lasseter's Reef' (Home) is the kind of unpretentious feature that slips quietly into an evening and proves to be better than many things more lauded. Ralph Peterson's script is quick and economical; Russell Napier could express Lasseter's strain without straining; and the programme, under Joe Burroughs, found the shivers of the 'outback' of which someone says (plain understatement): 'It's a very lonely country; I don't think it likes people'. To go on the Lasseter expedition I had to leave 'Top of the Town' (Light) at half-time. From what I had heard of a foggy 'fog expert' and the bewildering flights of a vocal virtuoso, things must have been brisk in a world peopled largely by Terry-Thomas.

We were in a pricklier thicket again in 'The Most of Her Chances' (Light), a novelettecomedy that muddled together a frenzied Fleet Street-I hope literary and news editors were listening-gangsters on the run, masquerading maids, and the author alone knows what else. It appeared to potter along just as the dramatist. William Templeton, thought of it. And although Diana (Sulwen Morgan) said hopefully at the last, 'I'll explain everything; just give me time', it would need a lot of explanation. Similarly, I hope that Chekhov's banker contrived to sort himself out after the huff-and-puff of Anniversary' (Third), a rapid farcical se-Anniversary' (Third), a rapid farcical scamper through which we heard the best-butter tones of Lloyd Pearson, Joan Heal's voice like a twitter of starlings, and Gladys Young's clenched determination as an irrelevant inquirer. All concerned, and Mary Hope Allen (producer), enjoyed the scuffle, though maybe Chekhovians glance nervously behind them when they name the piece.

J. C. Trewin

THE SPOKEN WORD

Fritto Misto

'MAN, CARIBOU, AND LICHEN' is a title to give you pause, and I paused and put a mark against it even before I had read the sub-title: 'an ecological study of change in Alaska'. Ecology has been defined as 'the study of organisms in relation to their surroundings', and I had already learnt from a previous broadcast that it is an absorbing subject. The talker was F. Fraser Darling and the ecological problem in which he was involved was why in earlier days the caribou had disappeared from Alaska. It was thought that they had been exterminated by excessive hunting, but Dr. Darling and his party discovered that large areas of the country had been burnt and this put them on the track of the solution.

It is a long, long way from Alaska to Switzerland, but I was right there less than three hours later that evening to accompany Edward Ward and Michael Barsley on their 'Journey Down the Rhine' from its beginnings in the Swiss Alps to its end in the North Sea. I have long since come to look on Mr. Ward as an admirable planner and conductor of a tour and I did not for a moment doubt that I should enjoy a very large part, at least, of this expedition. That I enjoyed none of it except one brief feature was, I suspect, because Mr. Ward had a comparatively small share in the planning. An international team, I gathered, had a finger in the pie and this, no doubt, was why the programme had no particular character, no atmosphere, and a surfeit of recordings which produced on this listener little more than an alternation of monotony and distraction. It was a very long hour, in which the one thrilling feature was the glorious metallic booming of the great bell of Cologne Cathedral.

A character and atmosphere which are unique are what we find in Yeats' 'Crazy Jane' poems and those others evidently inspired by her in 'Words for Music Perhaps', 'A Woman Young and Old', and Last Poems. A reading of them by Siobhan McKenna on the Third Programme, arranged and introduced by Peter Duval Smith, made a fine broadcast. Siobhan McKenna perfectly conveyed in her reading the sharptongued, impassioned old harridan who, as Yeats told in a letter, was Crazy Jane's prototype. Yeats said, too, that he wanted these poems to be all emotion.

It is not a poetic, but a scientific 'Study of Emotion' which Philip L. Short has been giving in 'Science Survey' during the past two weeks and will complete in a third talk this evening. In his first talk he spoke of 'Body Changes in Emotion', and told how changes arising from anger or fear can be scientifically measured. Experiment has shown that there is an interval, called the safety gap, between a shock and the emotion caused by it-an interval in which necessary action can be taken. I remember noticing this man'y years ago when a fierce dog charged at me out of a farm gate as I was passing. I whipped round and we stood confronting one another until the dog noticed that I was carrying a stick and decided to retire. And it was only when I had resumed my walk that I felt my hair stand up and my knees grow weak. In the second talk last week Mr. Short spoke of 'Emotion and Reasoning' and described an apparatus which records the changes that occur in body and mind when a person is working out a problem, and so provides data for a new approach to the study of

It might be thought that a talk about cleaning an old picture would be unlikely to provide much in the way of thrills, but for listeners interested in the Old Masters Helmut Ruhemann's account of how he cleaned and restored

Giorgione's 'Adulteress before Christ', which belongs to the Glasgow Corporation and is at present on view in the National Gallery, London, had all the elements of an exciting adventure story, and this effect was reinforced by the orderly and lucid style in which Mr. Ruhemann described each step, so that one seemed almost to be watching the process. In earlier days when I first became aware of this picture in reproductions (I have never seen the original) it had not yet, I think, been promoted to the rank of a Giorgione; consequently the art-snobs who, like other snobs, love a title, did not then treat it with the respect it is able to claim from them nowadays.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Two Modern Operas

IF THE THIRD PROGRAMME wished to demonstrate to us the heterogeneous nature of modern opera they could hardly have made a better choice than the two works presented during the 'The Shadowy Waters' by the Greek past week. composer, Manolis Kalomiris, is a true dramma per musica, a drama expressed in and through music. The drama, as one might expect in a work based upon a play by Yeats, is more concerned with the minds and emotions of the characters than with their overt actions, and is presented symbolically. The whole thing is, to quote the stage-direction for the Prologue to Lodovico Rocca's 'Il Dibuk', 'beyond space and time'. All is vague and shadowy, and, if we wish for analogies, we must seek them in Delius and Debussy. Yeats' poem is in itself more distinguished than either Maeterlinck's drama of 'Pelléas et Mélisande' or the libretto of 'A Village Romeo and Juliet'; but it is the kind of poetry which lends itself perfectly to expression through music. The wonderful thing was that it should have come, I will not say wholly without scathe, but so well through the ordeal of translation via the French into Greek, and then back into an English version that fits the music. For that Mr. Geoffrey Dunn deserves much credit.

Equally wonderful was the way in which a composer from the eastern verge of Europe has reflected in his music that particular, though only vaguely definable, type of poetic expression which is indigenous to the western extremity of the continent. Nothing, one would have thought, could be more improbable than that the twain, Greek and Celt, could meet on common ground. Yet Kalomiris has, without any obvious resort to the idioms of western European music, created a beautiful and perfectly fitting setting for Yeats' play. The resulting opera is of the type, relying more on mood than action, which comes off best in a broadcast performance. But this is not to say that it would not be effective in the theatre. I think it would, apart from the over-long and dramatically otiose Prologue, which, beautiful music though it is, is too much in the style of cantata.

Rocca's 'Il Dibuk', no less concerned than Yeats' play with love and death, is all strong action, and the action is presented tersely and powerfully in music which is rarely permitted to expand and flower in sensuous vocal melody. The music is in effect an accompaniment to the drama rather than the vehicle through which, as in 'The Shadowy Waters', its situations and emotions are communicated to the audience in their most intensive form. The result is rather episodic and some of the most effective passages, apart from the duet for soprano and tenor at the end, were contained in what is essentially 'incidental' music—the setting of the scene in the Synagogue, the wedding-music, and so on. In listening to such an opera it is doubly important that the audience should understand not merely

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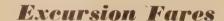
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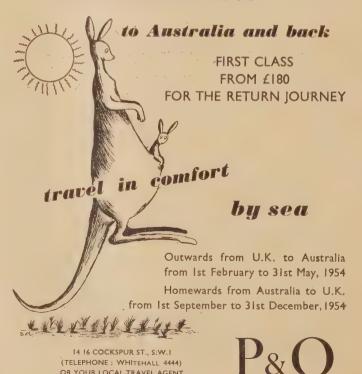
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(TELEPHONE ; WHITEHALL 4444) OR YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT the main lines of the action, but its details. We were, therefore, indebted once more to Mr. Dunn for his elaborate, timed synopsis which enabled one to follow every move in the drama.

Failing a score or a printed libretto, this form of assistance is invaluable. For 'The Shadowy Waters' a complete libretto was printed and offered for sale. I hope that the sales were sufficient to encourage the B.B.C. to continue the publication of librettos which are otherwise unobtainable.

Both operas were well sung, Kalomiris' by a cast headed by Richard Lewis, whose diction was admirably clear, and Jennifer Vyvyan with

John Cameron as the faithful Kurwenal-like retainer, and Margaret Ritchie and Marion Lowe beautifully adding their bird-cries to the seascape so subtly depicted by the orchestra under Alec Sherman's direction. 'Il Dibuk', excellently recorded in Milan, was sung by a first-rate Italian cast, in which Elisabetta Barbato as Leah and Franco Calabrese as the aged, authoritative Ezriel especially distinguished themselves, and was conducted by Alfredo Simonetto.

The two orchestral novelties of the week, which I was able to hear—Alwyn's Second Symphony played by the Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli and Jean Absil's Piano Concerto

played by Marcella Barzetti with the Leighton Lucas Orchestra—seemed to me to have nothing new to say, nor anything important from the old stock. The Symphony appeared to be well made out of academic materials, and if I do not apply the same adjective to the Concerto, it is only because I have been warned off on the ground that Absil has experimented in strange fractional rhythms which, being imperceptible to the naked ear except possibly as a slight rubato or a clipping short (as bad conductors do) of the last beat in the bar, seems to me a very 'academic' procedure.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Phyllis Tate

By MOSCO CARNER

'Songs of Sundry Natures' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 10.20 p.m. on Wednesday, November 11

F the three British women composers who have achieved prominence in recent years, Phyllis Tate is the most difficult to relate to any single one of the current trends in contemporary English music. While, broadly speaking, Elisabeth Lutyens may be regarded a member of the ever-widening circle of post-Schönbergian dodecaphonists and Elisabeth Maconchy as an exponent of the Anglo-Irish branch of neoromantics, Miss Tate refuses to be pigeonholed. Her allegiances are several and they mingle in a manner that is partly responsible for the fascinatingly varied and composite picture presented by her music.

One might perhaps best describe her as an eclectic yet an eclectic without the taint commonly connoted by that term. For her 'selective' tendency is not of the unquestioning kind, no passive acceptance of other composers' styles and technical procedures, but is inspired by a persistent and lively urge to bend them to the needs of a creative imagination strongly subjective if at times capricious and whimsical. Taking elements from a variety of sources, English as well as continental, she has succeeded, in a gradual process of amalgamation, in fusing them into a style which possesses distinctive features of its own and proclaims its originality in an unmistakable individual twist given to established techniques and forms.

The fact that she is not a prolific composer may be due to force of circumstance rather than to choice and inclination. And, so far, her leaning has by and large been toward the more intimate and smaller forms of song and chamber music. Yet within her restricted scope she has produced a short series of works which must be recognised as a significant contribution to contemporary British music, bearing witness to a mind at once searching, adventurous, and remarkably subtle. Thus, in surveying her output, one observes that in her more extensive compositions she has so far avoided resorting to the same medium twice. And where she has done so, as in her concertos for cello (1932) and saxophone (1945), the later work shows an ingenious variation of the concerto form by combining sonata and suite into a kind of divertimento; to say nothing of her successful restitution, by brilliant writing, of this somewhat tainted member of the orchestra to its honourable position as a solo instrument capable of holding our attention in the concert

Beginning with this concerto, each subsequent opus appears to be in the nature of a self-imposed challenge to solve a particular problem. The 'Nocturne for Four Voices' (1946) is a chamber cantata exploring the possibilities of solo and concerted voices in combination with a small number of instruments while at the same time

serving the aim of expressing a highly introspective lyrical mood. Again, in the 'Songs of Sundry Natures' (1947), six settings of Elisabethan poems, a solo voice is set against a group of five instruments which are employed both decoratively and for the purpose of enhancing the variegated moods of the poems.

The Sonata for clarinet and cello (1947) is a remarkably fine study in two-part writing and instrumental colour in which the particular challenge may be said to have lain in the avoidance of textural monotony latent in the combination of two single-line instruments of related character. This problem is solved by a finely calculated lay-out and the use of contrasting registers and melodic designs. Like the Sonata the Quartet in F (1952) adopts a more intellectual, classical attitude yet suffers to some extent from a certain slightness of ideas, excepting, however, the second movement, entitled 'Cantilena', in which the composer's strong lyrical vein asserts itself with a sombre poetry, springing, it would seem, from the same world as the 'Nocturne' and the elegiac sarabande of the Sonata.

Finally, in the 'Choral Scene from "The Bacchae", (1953) her latest work, she handles the problem of writing for massed voices in an original manner, in that of the two choirs employed the second is all but wordless so that to the counterpoint of line and rhythms is added that of colour; the strange effect, moreover, produced by this 'nature sound' is in perfect accord with the pantheistic feeling aroused by a reading of Euripides' wonderful scene. To sum up, it is in such novel sound-textures derived from the use of unfamiliar media as well as from an imaginative application of familiar devices that Miss Tate's most outstanding and characteristic technical achievement lies.

Admittedly, here and there the impression of the voulu and even the freakish cannot altogether be avoided. One might question the wisdom, for example, of weaving an elaborate instrumental web round the solo voice in one or two of the 'Songs of Sundry Natures'; or, in the slow movement of the Sonata, the prolonged use of a belllike ostinato on the clarinet, by itself a most arresting effect; or the extent to which a word-less choir is resorted to in 'The Bacchae'. Yet against such idiosyncratic touches stands the more important fact that the composer's quest for novel sound-textures forms part of her intrinsic musical thought. And in such pieces as 'Death' and 'Epitaph' of the 'Songs of Sundry Natures', the 'Nocturne', and the Sonata the peculiar choice of medium and its treatment are germane to the basic conception and at once set up a distinctive emotional atmosphere. Here to alter the combination of

means would be to impair the very character of the music.

In the space of a short article it is not possible to enter into greater details of Miss Tate's style. Yet certain fingerprints must be mentioned if only to show that even small things bear the imprint of individuality. One notes, for example, the deliberate sparseness of her texture and the finely chiselled line of her melodic writingboth pointing to a French influence, though Stravinsky, too, may have served as model. We note also a fine ear for the values of intervals, enabling her to construct shapely and well-poised melodies. In some works a certain interval takes on the function of a chief structural brick: the sixth in the 'Nocturne' and the Sonata, the fourth (partly) in the Quartet, and the third in 'The Bacchae'. Equally characteristic is the use of the descending second in the form of an appoggiatura—a 'sigh' motive which, all but pervasive in the exquisite song 'The Falcon', is put to suggestive use in the Sonata and achieves its most poignant effect in the great climax of the four unaccompanied voices, near the end of 'Nocturne'

While in her word-settings Miss Tate shows a most subtle sense for verbal inflection and prosody, she often conceives her vocal line in quasi-instrumental terms in order to enhance its expressive quality (a procedure which is not without its difficulties for the singer). How consistent this feature of wide leaping intervals (octaves, sevenths, and ninths) is in her vocal style may be seen from a comparison of a very early song, 'I sing of a Maiden' (1932), with certain solo passages in her recent choral work.

To return once more to the general picture of Miss Tate's music: for those who have followed her creative career with close attention its transcending quality lies in the fact that the world of her imagination no less than the manner by which it is transmuted into a world of concrete sound is so peculiarly her own. For all the influences that have contributed to the formation of her style, she has things to say which are worth saying and of vital concern, one feels, to her heart and mind. It is because in her mature works she proves a poet and craftsman of vision that she has become a significant figure on the scene of English contemporary music.

The following three volumes come from Boosey and Hawkes: Recollections and Reflections, by Richard Strauss, edited by Willi Schuh, English translation by L. J. Lawrence; The Message of Igor Stravinsky, by Theodore Stravinsky, translated by Robert Craft and André Marion; and Concerning Music, by Wilhelm Furtwängler, translated by L. J. Lawrence. The price of the books is 8s. 6d. each.





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A second helping

of Punch?

Once a year comes the Punch Almanack and here it is out this week - 48 pages crackling with wit, sparkling with colour. To the rich and seasonable seasoning A.P.H. adds an enquiry into The Hangover, Dorothy Sayers a paper on Unholy Days, Anthony Powell a sensitive study of Kafka's Christmas Stocking. Out-stripping the "comics" Richard Usborne and Norman Mansbridge follow Supermac as he saves King Wenceslas from the un-American way of life. These are samples only from a diversity of talents. In coloured drawings Emett, Ardizzone and Hoffnung present their disconcerting views of the Christmas world.

This week's regular issue of Punch is likewise varied. André François has the first of a series of drawings which retrace the Odyssey through Modern Greece. Emett chooses a subject heroic in a different way — the fall of Battersea Pleasure Gardens under the auctioneer's gavel. Kenneth Tynan turns an acute ear to the Sirenland of Sunday Papers.

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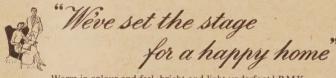
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

THE NEW WHITER FLOUR

THE WHITER FLOUR we can now buy contains a smaller proportion of the wheat grain than the national variety which we have used for so long; but millers are required to make up for the loss of nutrients by adding the B vitamins, and iron plus, of course, the calcium which is added also to national flour. So probably the two types are similar nutritionally.

But I wondered how home baking would be affected: whether one would be able to follow exactly the same recipes and methods as before, or whether they might need minor, if not major, changes. Recently I have been concerned with a whole series of baking tests. Cakes, scones, and buns were made with white flour and compared with those made with national flour. We took special care to note the amounts of liquid needed for mixing, to compare colour and flavour; and we also put cakes aside, in tins, to see if there was any difference in their keeping qualities.

We rather thought the white variety might need a little less liquid and so we added this slowly and carefully. Our caution proved right, for mixtures often required only about threequarters the amount needed with national flour. But while our guess about the smaller proportion of liquid was correct, we got a surprise when we came to compare colours. Here there was little difference: the margarine, eggs, and raising agents seemed completely to mask variations in the colours of the flour. It was only really possible to see any appreciable distinction in the case of bread.

When it came to flavour, opinions varied, some preferring the rather more obtrusive flavour of cakes made with national flour, others favouring the white. There was not much in it as regards texture or keeping qualities of cakes, either, although there are, of course, small variations between different brands and blends. All in all it seems that the only special care required in cooking with the new whiter flour is to remember that a smaller amount of liquid is needed for mixing; otherwise you should get good results with the recipes you have been using.
PHYLLIS GARBUTT

FISH CREAM

To make a good fish cream you will need:

11b. of cod (skinned) 1 pint of thick creamy white sauce teaspoons of finely grated onion I teaspoon of finely chopped parsley Seasoning

1 teacup of soft fine breadcrumbs

Put the raw fish through a mincer, or chop very finely. Mix with all the ingredients. Put into a greased mould, and either steam gently for an hour or bake for just under an hour in a very moderate oven. Turn out and serve hot or cold. This is particularly good cold with mayonnaise, olives and a green salad.

I find this an excellent 'foundation' recipe, for I can alter the flavourings—using good tomato sauce instead of white sauce, or adding chopped olives instead of onion. Always make the mixture very soft, to give a creamy consistency, and when possible add 1 or 2 tablespoons of cream to the mixture.

MARGUERITE PATTEN

Kitchen Table Talk by Ambrose Heath (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) contains 500 recipes from the author's latest series of articles on good food in The Manchester Guardian. They are offered in an endeavour to show 'that the present-day exigencies of the larder do not necessarily imply impoverishment of our tables'. It is a point that with Mr. Heath's help—his recipes range from the soup to the savoury-many housewives should also be able to demonstrate.

Notes on Contributors

James Monahan (page 761): formerly on London staff of The Manchester Guardian

MICHAEL GRANT (page 763): Professor of Humanity, Edinburgh University; author of Roman Imperial Money, Ancient History, Aspects of the Principate of Tiberius, etc.
FRASER DARLING (page 767): Director of West Highland Survey, 1944-50; is shortly

taking up appointment as senior lecturer in ecology, Edinburgh University; author of Natural History in the Highlands and Islands, Bird Flocks and the Breeding Cycle, etc.

THE VERY REV. JOHN BAILLIE, D.Litt., D.D. (page 772): Principal of New College, Edinburgh, and Dean of the Faculty of Divinity in Edinburgh University; Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh since 1934; Chaplain to the Queen in Scotland; author of Belief in Progress, What is Christian Civilization?, etc.

By Ad Crossword No. 1,227. Noughts and Crosses.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 12

The completed puzzle contains twenty ten-letter words, each of which is encoded according to a simple formula before being entered. The first, third, fith, seventh and so on letters of the alphabet are represented by X, the remarker by O.

X a c e g i k m o q s u w y

O b d f h j l n p r t v x z

Fach sentence or group of sentences contains a clue to the required word and also the ten letters which make the word, contiguous but in jumbled order. All punctuation

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10									

NAME	 	 	

is to be ignored. Example: I-know it will tend to confuse the accounts but I hope to claim costs for travelling. Answer: COMPLICATE which would be entered in the diagram as X X X O O X X X O X.

CLUES-ACROSS

- CLUES—ACROSS

 1. I find it difficult to say how happy I feel and I hope to see more of your beautiful clues on my next visit.

 2. 'I'm certain I shall get on', I answered, 'despite what you have told the manager'.

 You must be more methodic and accurate in the arranging of your evidence. If it is correctly arranged, certain truths will be self-evident.

 4. To choose deliberately such uncoult, repulsive characters as emissaries is only hindering beforehand our efforts to arrive at some settlement.

 5. 'Did the job detain many of us?' About a half I should say. I loathed staying, but what could I do? 6. Even if the clues convince you, I wouldn't accept them as final without some independent corroborative evidence. We can't afford to lose this verdict.

 7. Would-be emigrants to New Zeeland or Australia must be sober and temperate in habit, diligent and thirfty in character.

 8. His consent to this despicable plan is in keeping with his previous behaviour. I always maintained he was not to be trusted.

 9. There are still several trains on which passengers can get a good meal despite recent restrictions. There will be no need for you to go hungry.

 10. She is a most accomplished person. She can sew paint, make charming little brooches in barbola, and can find a husband for the most unlikely spinster.

- can find a husband for the most unlikely spinster.

 1. As the firing ceased, echoes of the guns could be heard in the distance, gradually getting fainter and fainter.

 2. Her father gave her a smashing little ring—genuine eighteen carat with a sparkling diamond surrounded by small emeralds.

 3. Am I bired? We went to the modern department of the exhibition and walked for hours and hours—there was not a single seat.

 4. Dressing up as cowboys has made square dancing so popular—jeans and coloured shirts are all the rage.

 5. 'There is no star more brilliant than Sirius', said the observer as he scanned the heavens, 'at least, not in sight.'

 6. I suggested that in the future we meet in the village hall and as all parties are willing to agree, council meetings will in future be held there.

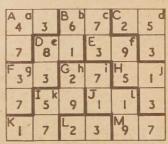
- 7. The haymaking finished disastrously. We were all gaily carting away the hay when one of the party fell off the top of the cart and was injured.

 8. It's worth your while looking through those lists of second-hand books because a lot go for a mere song.

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 10. Late nights, hectic parties, and unsuitable companions had done his morals irreparable harm and he was quite rightly rebuked by his guardian.

Solution of No. 1,225



Integral solutions are required for the equation $x^2 + 2y^2 = 3z^2$.

 $x^2 + 2y^2 = 3z^2$, A solution can be found whenever z is of the form $a^2 + 2b^2$, x & y are then respectively $4ab \pm (a^2 - 2b^2)$. For, $(4ab \pm (a^2 - 2b^2))^2 + 2(2ab \mp (a^2 - 2b^2))^2$. There are therefore two solutions for given values of a & b, the two upper signs where an alternative is shown being taken together, as also the two lower.

- Solutions with no common factor are given when

 1. z is a prime (not 3)—2 solutions.

 2. z is the product of two such different primes—

 4 solutions.

 3. z is 3 times such a prime—2 solutions.

 4. z is 3, or a power of 3—1 solution.

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